The Digest

VIEW OF REVIEWS

incorporating The Literary Digest

SEPT. 25, 1937

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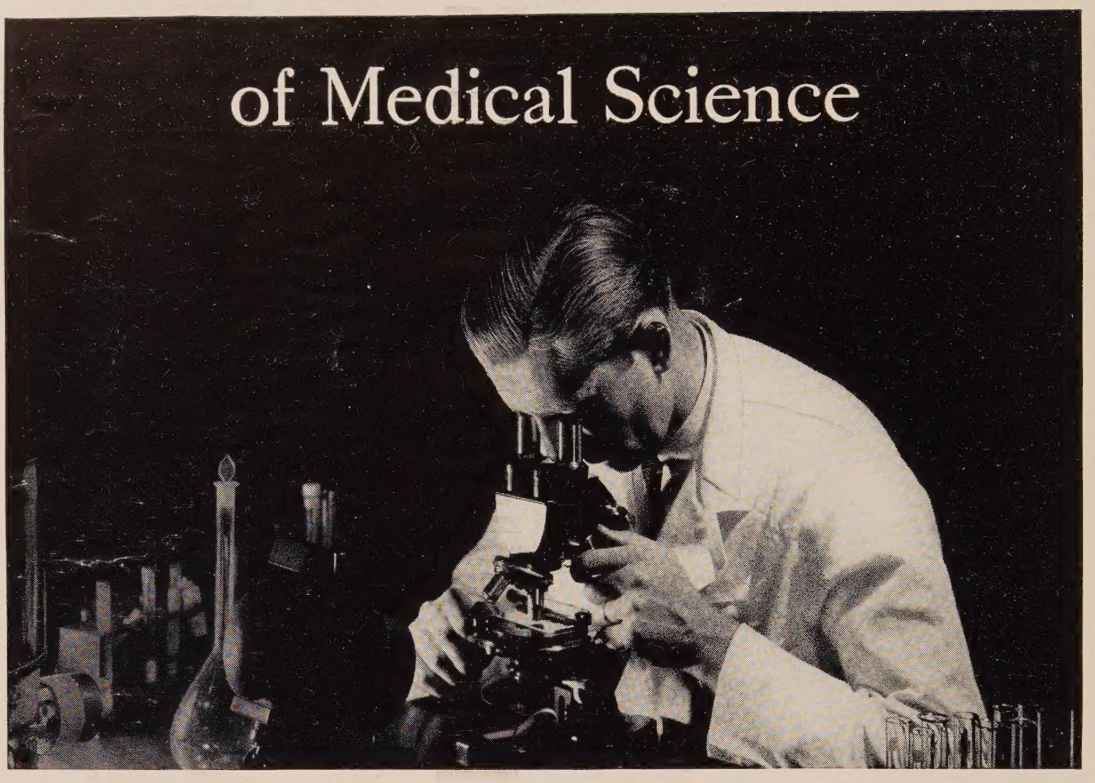
"G-MEN"

of Medical Science



MORE lives have been saved by the "G-Men" of medical science than were destroyed by Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, and all the other would-be world conquerors put together. Perhaps you, yourself, are alive and well because Pasteur discovered the nature of germs; Jenner, the vaccine for smallpox; Wright, the preventive for typhoid; von Behring, the means for ending diphtheria.

The determination of these heroes is proverbial. For example, Ehrlich made 605 unsuccessful experiments before he discovered "606"—now used in the treatment of early syphilis.

Many outstanding "G-Men" of medicine have received recognition for their great victories. Many more, unknown and unsung, are giving their lives to exploring, probing, unearthing the secret causes of disease. You hope, with everybody else, that these scientists will discover how to prevent or cure cancer; how to stop the destructive waves of influenza; how to check the early onset of heart disease.

Scientists are already producing effective serums to combat several common types of pneumonia. They have made great strides in the fight against tuberculosis. They now treat successfully certain types of blood infection formerly regarded as deadly.

The "G-Men" have shown us how to control diabetes with insulin, and pernicious anemia with liver extract. Today they are perfecting methods to ward off or lessen the severity of whooping cough, scarlet fever, asthma, hay fever, and other diseases which have baffled doctors throughout the centuries.

Largely because of their work, the average length of life of children born in the United States this year is expected to be at least 61 years, although the children born in 1900 could hope for about 49 years and those born a century ago, considerably less.

Thanks to the "G-Men" of medical science, you live in an age when more has been done to protect human life from disease than ever before, and you dwell in a community which may profit from their tireless research. You can prove your gratitude by warmly cooperating with health officials, physicians, civic organizations and hospitals that bring these great discoveries to you and your neighbors.

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The Digest

Review of Reviews incorporating The Literary Digest

ALBERT SHAW, EDITOR
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SEPTEMBER 25, 1937

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Vol. 1 No. 11

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"BE CAREFUL! GEORGE SUSPECTS!"

IT was all too evident to those who found the body of Sir Michael that the man had been thrown and killed by his favorite horse.

There were the cruel marks of the horseshoe—indisputable evidence. "Accidental death" said the coroner's jury.

But Nicholas Goade of Scotland Yard, passing through the village on his holiday, discovered a hastily scribbled note in the nearby bushes—"Be Careful! George Suspects!"

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Man with the will

Mena, Ark.—If a man can't retain his self-respect by working at any kind of work he can get, he had better move or get into different company.

Don't misunderstand me. I know individuals will get in a jam sometimes where they need help. Always have since the world began, but we never had national relief before.

The solution is so simple most people will laugh at you if you mention it. It is simply for each individual to do the best he can, live as he can, earn as he can, until he is able to work his way into better circumstances.

The trend has been in recent years to make every group in the country feel that they are underpaid. This has been a great vote-getting song, and the listeners don't seem ever to stop and realize that the singers seldom deliver the goods, but merely sing.

America has millions of acres of undeveloped, cheap land. If we could annex some other country we would think we were getting somewhere, but we have an idle country within our own boundaries greater than that which Italy grabbed from Haile Selassie or Germany's lost colonies, and we have the people to populate this empire—if only they would. And such a development would create thousands of other jobs. All we lack is the man with the will.—*G. C. Konkler*

Anarchistic capitalism

Norwalk, O.—I read with mingled feelings THE DIGEST'S birth announcement. I liked, "It has good blood and is of clean strain," and its vow, "to find its own place of useful service in a changing world." But when I came to its pledge of "allegiance only to American institutions," I concluded to wait and see just what that bromide meant.

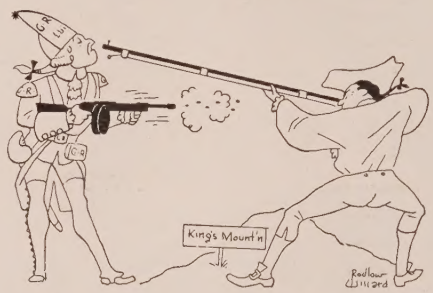
For needless and undeserved poverty in a land of milk and honey is today peculiarly American. So is the sharecropper and tenant-farmer of the deep South. So is the combination of superior resources and wonderful advancement of science in the healing arts and the 95 per cent of our children of school-age with defective teeth because the remedy, in private hands, is too expensive.

In fact, the whole profit and loss system, called "capitalism," unplanned, chaotic, anarchistic, while not peculiarly an American institution, is now on the way to become one. It has collapsed and has been abandoned wholly or partially in the greater part of the world.

It is certainly making its final stand here in the U.S.A.; and no other world-power is engaging in a conscious endeavor to make it function a while longer by tossing into it billions of the taxpayers' cash every year.—*Ray Kellogg*

Return fire

Minneapolis, Minn.—In your September 4 number, a certain C. E. B. Peeke accuses you of inaccuracy regarding the battle of Kings Mountain in 1780. He seems to be accustomed to loading and



firing Kentucky long rifles in half-a-minute flat. What a man!

You were quite correct, as a matter of fact, regarding Kings Mountain. The fire-ratio was 60 to 1 in favor of Ferguson's Britishers. No less an authority than the *Military and Naval Digest* (August number) affirms this sensational conclusion in an able article by an ordnance officer. Furthermore, Peeke's statistics as to the numbers engaged and lost are unorthodox, to say the least.—*Oscar Armquist*

August 21

Glendale, Calif.—So columnist Westbrook Pegler cannot see the difference between Fascist Germany and Communist Russia: in neither country are workers allowed to organize; in neither country is there any democracy. Well!

In the Soviet Union there are more trade-union members than in the rest of the world put together. Trade-unions there have a much broader function than elsewhere; since 1935 the whole administration of social insurance has been in their hands. More workers are organized in cultural societies there than anywhere else in the world. And millions are organized in consumer coöperative societies (which have been abolished by Hitler).

Pegler should know that every Soviet citizen over the age of 18 is entitled to vote irrespective of sex, race, property, or other qualifications; that Soviet citizens, even before the passage of the new constitution, elected their city or village soviet; that under the new constitution they will also elect representatives to district soviets, to republic soviets, and even to the all-union soviet. Nor do candidates for office have to be members of the Communist party.—*Robert Shillaker*

August 28

Glendale, Calif.—I suppose now I cannot do less than commend the excellent photos you published in the August 28 issue showing various forms of relaxation enjoyed by Soviet citizens.—*Robert Shillaker*

For the public trough

Butte, Mont.—Is it not true that the best young men of today seek permanent positions with private corporations, rather than spend their lives chasing around the country every two years begging for a place at the public trough? And these public positions are not to be had for the asking. They must be purchased; at least, they must be paid for. Worse than that, the campaign expenses incidental to the higher offices have become so great that the average candidate is not able to defray them out of his own pocket, and is therefore obliged to beg not only for the position but also for the money with which to pay for it. Thus it is that most of our public officials must necessarily obligate themselves to someone before they can become officials.

So, if a man like John L. Lewis can outbid all others for governmental favors during a political campaign, he then becomes the official pet for a period of four years. Under the present system, how can it possibly be otherwise?—*George Henry Ellis*

Fair and liberal

Margate City, N. J.—I seem to see a glimmering of vision on your part; you appear to sense the fact that the American people are done with the reactionary gang that has throttled every attempt to wring from it a fair and equitable division of the wealth produced in this marvelous country for the past 150 years. Your exposition of happenings appears to me to be on the liberal side, though fair to both.—*Joseph I. A. Thompson*

Privilege in democracy

Wilton, Calif.—Your publication will prove a useful adjunct to American cultural life. Your plain abstracts of world events and scientific progress give those of us who are not in the leisure class an excellent opportunity for a panoramic view of our time.

Your "Pro and Con" allows each individual of our heterogeneous population to form his own opinion of right or wrong, for truth is only a human concept of which there is nought in nature. Public comment and criticism are the paramount privilege of our democracy—*J. H. Schrieve*

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The Digest

STORY OF A WEEK

EDITORS, public officials, business executives, and all others bound by custom, tradition, and Emily Post to return soft and circuitous answers to wrathful letters from indignant correspondents, are marveling over the trail blazed by Richard W. Jepsen, Police Commissioner of Omaha, Nebraska. When a correspondent complained about the efficiency of his police department, Commissioner Jepsen replied as follows: "Dear Sir: Phooey. (Signed) Richard W. Jepsen."

Crime under repeal

IT IS NOW perfectly clear that repeal has reduced crime—clear to the Distilled Spirits Institute. It is also perfectly clear that repeal has increased crime—clear to the Anti-Saloon League. Proudly the Institute points out that in 1936 there were 112,055 fewer cases of major crimes than in 1935. "Every year of the last three years of prohibition had a larger record of murder, manslaughter, and robbery than the highest of any of the first three years of repeal," it declares. Furthermore, in 1936 the five dry states (Kansas, Oklahoma, Georgia, Mississippi, and Tennessee) had higher rates for murder and manslaughter, aggravated assault, robbery, and burglary, than five contiguous wet states (Nebraska, Texas, South Carolina, Louisiana, and Kentucky). From 1935 to 1936, the Institute declares, arrests for violations of liquor laws dropped 12.2 per cent in nearly 1000 cities, and, while consumption of distilled spirits increased 25 per cent, arrests for drunkenness increased only 4.4 per cent.

Against that battery of figures, the Anti-Saloon League points another: "The ratio per 100,000 of the population charged with the offense of intoxication was 102.6 per cent more in 1936 than in 1932. . . . The ratio of arrests for driving while intoxicated was 48.7 per cent greater. . . . In 1927, under prohibition, 26.1 per cent of commitments to federal penal institutions were for violation of the liquor laws. Under repeal the percentage rose to . . . 52 per cent in 1936."

"You may prove anything by figures," Carlyle noted. Possibly you could even prove that statistical arguments about crime under repeal were 10,000 per cent more numerous during any year of prohibition than they are during this first year of the second New Deal.

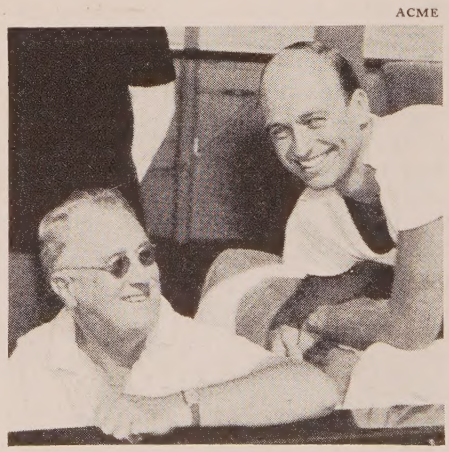
How women drive

LAST WEEK we quoted the view of Professor H. R. DeSilva, head of Harvard University's traffic bureau, that the muscles of women drivers refuse to respond as quickly as modern driving conditions demand, and that it is almost impossible to teach a woman over twenty-five to drive properly. We also referred to tests conducted by the American Automobile Association showing that men park better than women, have better vision and hearing, and concentrate better at the wheel.

This week, in a neat little stroke of diplomacy, we quote the view of Amos E. Neyhart, professor of automotive engineering at Pennsylvania State College, that, given the same instruction, women drive exactly as well as men, and, if their accidents are more frequent than men's, are seldom as dangerous.

Now the question is settled. In the considered opinion of experts whose views must be taken as conclusive, women do and do not drive as well as men drive.

ACME



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT with his secretary-son James on vacation near his home. Last week he returned to Washington

Putsch-preventives

EMERGING from an investigation of nazis in the United States, the Chicago *Daily Times* declared in a recent copyrighted article that "in uniforms strangely suggestive of those worn by Adolf Hitler's nazi Storm Troops, a relatively small but rapidly growing army is preparing for the America counterpart of *Der Tag*, when it plans to seize control of the United States."

To the German Consul General at Chicago, Dr. Emil L. Baer, the prospect sounds preposterous. "The idea that anyone is attempting to form a nazi army in America is ridiculous," he says. In Berlin, the Wilhelmstrasse is reported amused—partly, perhaps, because it realizes that there are 3,026,000 square miles of territory in the United States; the population is about 129,000,000; there are 94 cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants; the regular army consists of 166,000 officers and men, the National Guard of 168,000, the reserve forces of 119,000; the navy is 100,000 strong; the marines number 17,000; in the group of cities of more than 10,000 inhabitants there are roughly 100,000 policemen; and the World War showed that, counting volunteers and drafted, it is easy for us to raise an army of 4,057,000.

Seizing control of the United States would take a whole lot of seizing.

Reds, browns, blacks

HOW MUCH influence communists, nazis and fascists are likely to have in the United States is a question lately examined by Frank C. Hanighen, who publishes his findings in *Foreign Affairs* for October. A few extracts:

Communists: "Communists have pene-

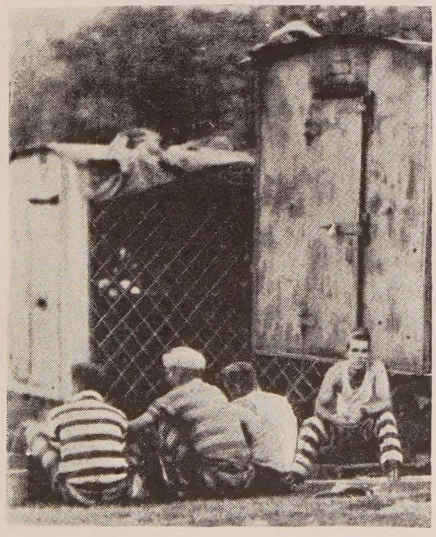
trated the A.F. of L. and C.I.O. to only a negligible extent . . . . In contradistinction to its previous policy, the American Communist party does not now call for the overthrow of the United States Government . . . . At present . . . the party's membership has become restive and many sympathizers have become alienated . . . . One may concur with the [Dickstein] congressional committee when it says in its report that it 'does not believe that the communist movement in this country is sufficiently strong numerically nor in influence to constitute a danger to American institutions at the present time.'"

Nazis: "Unlike the communists, the nazis in the United States engage frequently in semimilitary activities. However, even if armed, such a force would prove of small importance, for the most generous estimates give the American nazis 4700 Storm Troopers. Clearly the nazis constitute no direct threat to the stability of the American Government. Nevertheless, the movement may exert considerable influence on American habits of thought through certain features of its propaganda. . . . The chief result of the campaign, then, is to stimulate anti-Semitism."

Fascists: "The Italian Fascist organization would not seem at the present time to represent any immediate threat to the stability of the American system of government. However, it is the impression of this writer, based on a wide and prolonged investigation, that the Italian Fascists exercise a much stronger influence over their racial groups in the United States than do the German nazis. The solidarity of the Italian groups in large American cities and their resistance to the melting-pot process undoubtedly provide a favorable field for fascist propaganda. If the close coöperation between Germany and Italy now evident in Europe—the Rome-Berlin axis—should be extended to the United States, the nazi and fascist groups here might have to be taken more seriously."

Conclusion: "The writer ventures the opinion that if the foreign political organizations here described hold any danger for the established American way of life it derives: (1) from whatever assistance the German nazis and Italian fascists can give to the nascent fascist movement in this country; and (2) from whatever strength all three—communists, nazis, and fascists—might lend to assaults on American neutrality during a war in Europe."

WIDE WORLD



GEORGIA'S Governor Rivers promises to end chain gangs and whippings. Here are trusties guarding convicts who escaped, were recaptured, and transported back in cages

Black and K.K.K.

"WHO KNOWS but that after Senator Black is confirmed and takes his place on the bench these . . . statements may be printed in the press, and we may never have a chance to find out about their falsity or their truth after the nomination is confirmed?"

Thus, last August, Millard E. Tydings, Maryland Democrat, voiced the misgivings of a handful of United States Senators loath to confirm Hugo L. Black's appointment to the Supreme Court without a formal inquiry into his qualifications. Capitol Hill buzzed with rumors that the Alabaman had once belonged to the Ku Klux Klan. It was repeatedly reported that the Klan had played a big part in Black's election back in 1926.

Ultimately, however, senatorial courtesy prevailed. Besides, there was William E. Borah's word for it that "there has never been at any time one iota of evidence that Senator Black was a member of the Klan." By a vote of 66 to 15, a motion to recommit the appointment to the Judiciary Committee was crushed. By 63 to 16, the appointment was confirmed.

Last week many persons wondered whether Senator Tydings was a professional crystal-gazer. The Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* (Independent) set off a political bombshell by publishing a series of articles, copyrighted by the paper and by the North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc., alleging that Associate Justice Black joined the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, on September 11, 1923, resigned in 1925 when he was about to run for the Senate, and, the following year, was honored with a life membership.

Dr. Hiram W. Evans, Imperial Wizard of the K.K.K., refused last week to comment on this assertion before consulting his records, but he did state flatly: "I know that Justice Black is not a member now . . . Officially, there is no such thing as life membership in the Klan."

Reverberations

LIKE THE Senators who voted for or against confirmation, newspaper editors who fought or favored it were deeply moved by the report that Mr. Black was and still is a member of the Klan.

The Cleveland *News* declared: "If Mr. Justice Black was an honest member of the Klan in 1925, he had prejudices which belong anywhere but on the highest court."

The San Francisco *Chronicle* thundered: "If Justice Black has any answer to these charges, he should make it immediately. . . . If not, he should relieve the President from embarrassment, the Court from disgrace, the nation from calamity, and himself from the scorn of men by resigning."

But the reactions of Mr. Black's former colleagues in the Senate were of greater public interest than the chorus of the editors. Senators who voted against confirmation congratulated themselves.

"I am glad, more than ever, that I voted down his confirmation," said H. S. Bridges, New Hampshire Republican.

Meanwhile, Senators who favored confirmation split into two camps, those who felt that they had been misinformed, and those who considered the story a political tempest in a teapot.

Senator Brown, of Michigan, Democrat, typified the former: "I never would have voted for Justice Black's confirmation . . . if I had thought he was a Klansman."

Senator Logan, of Kentucky, Democrat, typified views of the latter: "The attack on Justice Black is purely political. . . . While I am quite sure Justice Black is not a member of the Ku Klux Klan, what would we do if he were?"

Former Senator Black himself, traveling in Europe, refused comment: "I have made no statement of any kind since my appointment to the Supreme Court, and I do not intend to make any."

Observed President Roosevelt, Hugo Black's original sponsor: "I know only what I have read in the newspapers. Until such time as Black returns there is no further comment to be made."

NLRB on the spot

CONGRESS may meet and adjourn, the President may duck off for weekend cruises, but at least one subdivision of the federal government grinds steadily on, day after day. Last week, in every corner of the nation, the National Labor Relations Board, or one of its 21 regional agents, was aggressively on the go. Fifteen to twenty hearings were simultaneously in progress daily.

In New Cumberland, West Virginia; Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and Chicago, the Weirton, Bethlehem, and Inland steel companies were up on the board's well-worn carpet for alleged unfair labor practices in violation of the Wagner Act. In Washington, the board was deciding a disputed C. I. O. vs. A.F. of L. election at the Ambridge, Pennsylvania, plant of the National Electric Products Corporation—an election it ordered despite a fed-

UNIVERSAL NEWS REEL-SOIBELMAN

ITALY'S SAILORS get their first taste of the sea aboard square-riggers. Two are named "Christopher Columbus" and "Americus Vespucci"

eral court decision upholding the company's closed shop contract with an A.F. of L. union. These are typical cases, typical of some 6500 which the board has handled during its 23-months career.

If mere routine activity has made the board's headquarters the busiest spot in Washington, unbounded criticism of this activity has made it the hottest. Politicians like Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota dub NLRB a "kangaroo court" with a "pronounced C.I.O. bias." Lawyers denounce it for admitting into its hearings rumor, gossip, and hearsay that would be tossed out of any genuine court of law. Industrialists, noting that the board rules in Labor's favor nine times out of every ten, complain that they never get an even break. And the same A.F. of L. leaders who vigorously supported the Wagner Act insist now that the board is a "dictator" and has taken the C.I.O. to its bosom.

Ignoring employers' shafts, J. Warren Madden, chairman of NLRB, fended off the federation's with the admission:

"The current division in the Labor movement, with the bitter accusations and recriminations which are emanating from both of the principal camps, have created difficult problems for the board which were not anticipated when the statute was passed. But the board's duty . . . is plain. It is to protect the workers in their right to belong to a union of their own choosing."

Perhaps the important question is not whether the board is administering the Wagner Act impartially, but whether the act itself is fair. The New York *Times* editorialized last week:

"The only 'unfair labor practices' listed in the law, let us remember, are practices by employers. The law does not declare a single act of the unions to be an unfair labor practice . . . [The board] can find an employer guilty or not guilty, but it cannot find a union guilty of anything.

"Those who are directing their protests against the present decisions of the Labor Board would much better direct them, in most cases, to demands for revision of the one-sided act under which these decisions must be made."

Counting unemployed

"UNTIL we find a solution, the more stones thrown the better," declared John B. Biggers, Toledo glass manufacturer, after discussing the coming registration of the jobless with President Roosevelt. Critics took Mr. Biggers' invitation literally.

Last spring Senator Lodge, Massachusetts Republican, demanded $20,000,000 of WPA money for a door-to-door count of the unemployed. General Hugh S. Johnson asked "an instantaneous cross-section of unemployment . . . by self-registration, using the draft plan used in the War, taken at once and repeated every sixty or ninety days." Roosevelt balked at both plans, insisting that there be no compulsion in the registration. Congress accordingly jammed through a vague compromise, earmarking $5,000,000 of relief money to provide for voluntary registration of anybody who considers himself jobless and feels like saying so.

"Probably no shoddier or more worthless piece of legislation ever got in the statute books," was the stone thrown by Frank R. Kent in the Baltimore *Sun*. "It is a waste of time and money. It is trifling with a vitally important matter."

Plans are being formulated by Roosevelt and Mr. Biggers, its prospective administrator, to take the census on a Saturday, probably in January, through election boards and rural mail-carriers. How to define "unemployed" and to get all jobless to register are the stumbling points. A high-powered publicity campaign featuring a Roosevelt fireside chat may be utilized. A card issued to each person registering may be made a prerequisite to future relief benefits. If successful, the plan may be repeated semiannually.

Preliminary estimates of the total unemployed will be available within two days after the census. Then will follow the more difficult job of interpreting the results. This business of interpretation leaves the New York *Herald Tribune* puzzled. It wants to know what statistical genius "would thereafter correct for those who failed to turn up because they couldn't be bothered; for those who did turn up, though not unemployed, just to be on the safe side; for the extent to which misunderstanding, perjury or incompetence had weighted the results;

INTERNATIONAL

NAZI DEMONSTRATION at Stuttgart, shown here, was a forerunner of the one at Nuremberg last week. These Germans came back to the homeland from abroad

for the incidence of partial employment, and for the lack of any figure on total employment, without which unemployment figures are of little value."

Travel by trailer

THE AMERICAN housewife is putting wheels under the parlor, bedroom, and sink, and rolling across the country with her dish-towel and dust-cloth flapping in the wind.

Statistics on trailer manufacture, our newest and fastest-growing industry, indicate as much. Some 26,000 homes-on-wheels bowled into Florida last year to spend the best part of the winter season. Almost 100,000 new trailers will be built during 1937, twice the record of last year. One million Americans ate and slept on rubber-tired wheels during 1936.

Trailers are being used for traveling WPA theatricals, for electioneering, and for fighting syphilis in the South. Last week two Paulist Fathers headed out of New York in a trailer-chapel for an evangelical tour of Tennessee.

But it is the house trailer which shows the new vogue at its practical best, and which is giving local zoning commissions, fire departments, and boards of health a headache. Surveys show that the average trailer costs $500, is owned and operated by a white-collar worker, carries a family of four, and is used primarily for vacationing. Most communities tolerate the trailer tourist even though his oil stove may explode and cause a fire, though he may cause traffic jams, and though he spends relatively little. It is the permanent "trailer dweller" who is feared.

The home-on-wheels has been found ideal for seasonal workers (such as fruit pickers and wheat harvesters), for families living on pensions, and for certain industrial workers (such as the rubber workers who have set up a trailer colony outside Akron, Ohio). Widespread trailer housing could do serious things to the real estate business.

Today 53 cities in 18 states are attempting to eliminate the "dweller" by law. They impose time limits of from one week to 90 days for visiting trailer tourists; establish rigid sanitation rules; "zone" trailer camps outside city limits. There is such a plethora of laws, in fact, that the average trailerite can hardly keep track of them.

Arkansas wants trailers more than 80 inches wide to have a white clearance light in front, a red or yellow one in the rear; in Utah, the front light must be green, the rear red. Arkansas restricts trailers to a maximum height of 12 feet 6 inches; Utah permits 14 feet 6 inches. Maximum length requirements vary from 25 to 60 feet. Some states prohibit chemical sewage-disposal systems; other require them.

And more regulation is on the way as trailer-travel grows increasingly popular. In a recent survey by *Fortune* magazine, 49.3 per cent of the people who were asked, "Would you like to own a trailer and spend a part of the year traveling in it?" answered emphatically, "Yes."

"Eastern front"

ALL QUIET on the eastern front last week; or at least a trifle quieter. Nevertheless, President Roosevelt considers the international situation "jittery" —and so do jittery Japanese who find that they can't have their China and eat it too. China appeals urgently for League of Nations help.

At Shanghai undaunted Chinese were willing to withdraw to a second line of defense, west of the stricken city. Along this local Hindenburg Line the defenders were expected to make a strong stand. Reports of hand-to-hand fighting were doubtless invented or exaggerated, as they were in the World War (certain armies today are considering the abolition of "useless" bayonets—movies and red-hot reporters to the contrary). Isolated cities and trains of refugees were bombed.

In North China, above the Yellow River's Mason-Dixon Line, Japanese troops did not do especially well. Japan simultaneously extended a sea blockade of the Chinese coast-line to 2150 miles. The Japanese Parliament obediently voted $600,000,000 for a war which did not legally exist; and haughty American expatriates and imperialists, resident in Shanghai, vilified the President because he told them to remain in China at their own risk and responsibility. Mr. Roosevelt almost imposed the Neutrality Act by forbidding 13 U. S. Government-owned ships to carry arms to China or Japan, and warning all ships flying our flag that they sail at their own risk.

Meanwhile, 100,000 old communist fighters from Shensi province joined forces with the Nanking government forces, with another 150,000 experienced reds in reserve. For ten years Chiang Kai-shek fought these radicals with fire and sword. Now they come to help him in his hour of need. Celestial China first!

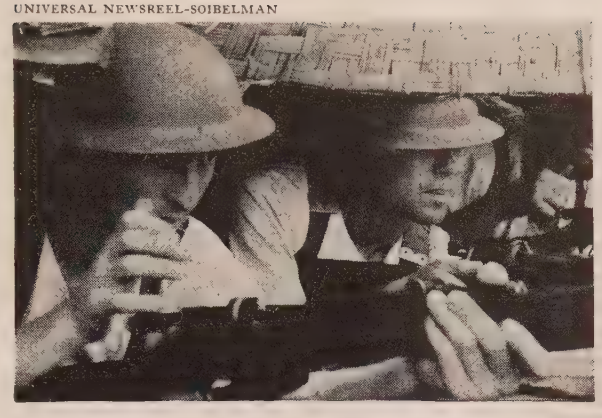
"Western front"

THE MEDITERRANEAN row over "piracy" comes to a head as alleged Italian submarines attack British, Russian, and other shipping, infuriate Turkey, and cause Russia to demand reparations to the chagrin of a nervous, pussyfooting England (one of whose warships, *Havock*,

WIDE WORLD

A SENATOR in Belgium finds that police are all-powerful. He took part in a Rexist demonstration that stormed the stock exchange

UNIVERSAL NEWSREEL-SOIBELMAN



U. S. MARINES in Shanghai are to stay there, says the President

was actually attacked). Italy categorically refuses Russian demands and declares herself innocent. Nine wild-eyed powers assemble for a conference at all-important little Nyon, near Geneva, Switzerland. Here are 5000 people, a tiny thirteenth-century chateau, a community hall, and three small hotels. Nyon, which boasts milk-fed roosters, is only a third the size of Emporia, Kansas, America's best-known small town.

England, Russia, France, Jugoslavia, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Bulgaria, Romania went to Nyon. Italy and Italy's Germany stayed away. The nine powers which attended agreed to Anglo-French convoys for Mediterranean shipping, with airplanes on call by radio, and lesser states patrolling their own territorial waters against "pirate" submarines. Anglo-French warships were to patrol west of Malta, which is south of Italian Sicily; Russia—not a Mediterranean land—was omitted from the joint operation.

Russia and Italy have been the two main contenders in unhappy Spain. Should the pair have a Mediterranean Sea clash, the novelty-gadgeted Italian navy could wallop a weak Russian Black Sea fleet which bases on Crimean Sevastopol.

Italy-Russia have fought only once; in 1855, when Cavour's Italian Piedmont entered the Crimean War to help British, French, and Turks. At that time, under old Marshal La Marmora, 10,000 Italians did not do so badly.

One reason why England shilly-shallies in regard to Italy is purely psychological. Certain stuffed shirts in the Foreign Office are still obsessed with the Bolshevist bogy. Mussolini "saved" Italy from Bolshevism. If he is overthrown, Italy will go Bolshevist, they declaim. Hence, no matter how annoying Mussolini makes himself, he must be pampered, pleased, and petted. Mussolini himself knows all this, and capitalizes on it while laughing up his sleeve. He is supersmart; son-in-law Ciano, Italian Foreign Minister, is his only weakness.

In 1923 he bombarded harmless Grecian Corfu, exacting 50 million lire. A decade later he advised and abetted partial destruction of Vienna by its own Chancellor, Dollfuss. In 1935 it was the turn of sorrowing Ethiopia; and in 1936 that of the liberal Spanish republic. Now it is Russia or England, both of them weak, pro tem. Sunny, beautiful, sky-blue Italy has no oil, coal, nor iron to speak of. Instead, she has her Iron Duce. How long the bluff will last, nobody can tell. . . .

The military situation in Spain was briefly this last week: Opposing armies had fought themselves to a strategic standstill—an actual deadlock—although rebel Franco now controls two thirds of the country. Alleged Italian warships under the rebel flag patrol the eastern loyalist coast-line, while mysterious submarines seek to stop tankers bringing Russian and Romanian petroleum to the all-powerful loyalist air force.

Can a sea key unlatch the land deadlock? Meanwhile, semi-French Catalonia (population, 3 million) may vote herself into France—to escape Senor Franco. This un-Spanish industrial province formed an integral four departments of progressive Napoleonic France in 1811-13, joined France on two earlier occasions—and it can happen again.

Nazi get-together

THE NINTH annual nazi congress—the fifth since Hitler came to power—is over. A million and a half people descended upon Nuremberg (population: 410,438), and, amid a festive setting, celebrated Hitler's greatest annual show of unchallenged power.

This year's congress honored "Labor" on the first anniversary of the nazi Four-Year Plan which seeks to make Germany almost self-sufficient. (In 1935, the year military conscription was reintroduced, the slogan was "Freedom"; in 1936, after the treaty-breaking occupation of the Rhineland, the watchword was "Honor.") Some participants arrived on 550 special trains; some lived in 13 miniature tent cities; all saw 600,000 men and women march past the Fuehrer, while 500 planes droned overhead. What George VI's coronation was to 1937 Britishers, the Nuremberg spectacle is to nazis every year.

The nazi get-together produced a wealth of awe-inspiring pageantry, speeches, dedications, and receptions, but a paucity of political excitement. Nothing new was said; and nothing happened of first-rate importance.

Hitler warned industry that if it could not supply the semiwar-time needs of the Third Reich through private enterprise, the state would find ways to make industry toe the economic line—*i.e.*, state socialism. Speaking off the record, Hitler said world peace hinged on the return of at least some of Germany's lost colonies; she was "morally" entitled to them; they need not be used for military purposes; Germany needed them economically.

Similarly, for the *nth* time, Hitler and Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, cried out for a "holy war" against Bolshevism and vilified the Jew. (Goebbeled Goebbels: "The Jew is the world enemy, the destroyer of civilization, the parasite among nations, the son of chaos, the incarnation of evil, the germ of decomposition, the plastic demon of the decay of humanity.")

It was a week of denunciation, containing little that was new. New, however, was the official presence of U. S., British and French diplomats, thus ending the "democratic boycott" of the annual Nuremberg gathering. Arriving by train on the "democratic special," they heard democracies called "powerless," and the free press denounced as the "most dangerous war monger of the age." Dr. Otto Dietrich, chief shepherd of nazidom's sheepish press, thundered that the job of New York journalists is to "teil lies and bow down in the temple of Mammon." (Tongue-in-cheek, American

DIGEST PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL

NOT SO FUNNY as it looks. Chinese Red Cross nurses practicing with gas masks and a patient, for war service

WIDE WORLD

PROSPERITY for one business in Shanghai. It is said that the Chinese fly any flag but their own (and that of Japan) for protection

journalists at Nuremberg countered by herding themselves into the Most Noble Order of Journalistic Vultures with its first Eyrie in Berlin.)

Conspicuous by their absence from the visiting diplomats were the Papal Nuncio, Russia's ambassador, and American Ambassador Dodd. The Ambassador was in Massachusetts on "leave," for he had previously protested to Washington against sending an official U. S. envoy to Nuremberg, and Secretary Hull had answered by ordering our Berlin charge d'affaires to attend.

The other new note struck was the first awarding of prizes to German nazis outstanding in art, science and literature. This is a substitute for what nazis declare was "a conscious and wilful insult to Germany" by Norway when the famed Nobel Peace Prize was awarded last January to Carl von Ossietzky, the German pacifist, then a political prisoner of the nazis. At Nuremberg, nazi philosopher Dr. Alfred Rosenberg—known behind his back as "the philosopher with the sour stomach"—won first prize (100,000 marks) for his nazi philosophizings.

Fascist tea-for-two

FOR THE FIRST time since 1934, Hitler and Mussolini will meet this week—at Berchtesgaden, the Fuehrer's Bavarian retreat; and a new series of dictatorial trumpetings may echo around an already world-weary world.

The meeting is auspicious. Within recent months Hitler has seen Italy's Foreign Minister Ciano, and Mussolini has seen Germany's General Goering; but the two chieftains have not met since Hitler flew down to Venice three years ago in civilian clothes and, to his annoyance, was greeted by a neatly uniformed, impressive-looking Mussolini. Even dictators are not above professional jealousy.

The present meeting also is timely. The two leading fascist powers have spun a common foreign policy, aimed ostensibly at blocking the communist Third International, but creating, in deeper reality, an equally widespread and subversive International of their own.

They will now decide upon a common policy toward Spain, the Mediterranean, and Russia—three problems, closely linked, as Spain's civil war spills over into "pirate" submarine attacks on neutral ships in the Mediterranean, and Russia accuses Italy of piracy.

In Berlin, Duce will be met by General Goering, whose well-known fondness for uniforms (he has more than a dozen varieties) will be mirrored as he sports his newest one for the occasion. At the risk of being arrested if overheard, Berlin jokesters are chirping that nazidom's Big Three are no longer recognizable in restaurants—Hitler doesn't orate; Schacht pays the bill; Goering appears in civies.

Meanwhile, before Mussolini arrived, German policy proceeded to repeat vociferous demands that all Germans living abroad consider themselves nazis and link themselves up with the spiritual destiny of their nazi Vaterland. That nazi fire-eaters are trying to export their homespun political product is nothing new; but that moderates like Foreign Minister Neurath should deliver similar blasts caused ripples of nervousness to roll over foreign waters already disturbed by the fascist-communist world feud.

Parlous Paraguay

MORE TROUBLE in Paraguay occurred last week. A social-fascist dictator, Senor Colonel Rafael Franco, hero of the Chaco war, had been ousted by a rival military faction, foreign business interests, and a "liberal" professor, Dr. Felix Paiva (see September 4 number).

Franco tried to come back. The Franco faction, mostly Chaco war veterans, wanted a triumvirate of Franco himself, Senor Colonel Smith, and Senor Colonel Ayala. Ayala, said to be a Semitic Senor, failed to click and supported Dr. Paiva instead. Franco, in exile in next-door Argentina, flew in by plane—and flew out again. Some of his pals were jailed.

Paraguay can fight—against others or against herself. In 1864, under Dictator Lopez, a low form of human life, she tackled Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay simultaneously and nearly licked them to a standstill. After five years came peace. Paraguay had a population of 1,300,000 in 1864. In 1870 there were 30,000 men, 100,000 women, and 90,000 children left.

Today there are fewer than a million—mostly magnificent Indian women.

Hearts of oak

BRAVE BRITONS are strong on high-falutin societies. One of them, plus the Oxford students, wants to bring back the Stuarts, with Field Marshal Prince Rupert of Bavaria as pretender. Others view with alarm, or point with pride.

Last week little, blond George Whish of Wimbledon, still in his ravishing

ACME

WATERMELON for Japan's boyish-looking soldiers, eaten with the eagerness of American Negroes. A snapshot from Nankow, North China

ACME

WAR REFUGEE, new style, as seen after Shanghai bombing

twenties, announced a Society of Octavians, to defend ex-Edward, Duke of Windsor, from the spiteful attacks against him which still pollute England. Octavians will write letters to the newspapers, will celebrate His birthday on June 23 and His accession to the throne on January 22. They are, apparently, more Edwardian than Simpsonian. Ex-Warfield is scarcely mentioned in their broadsides and pronunciamentos.

"Octavians pledge themselves to keep alive the memory of one who loved and served his country well in times of peace and war, and whose present voluntary exile results solely from his sense of constitutional loyalty." So speak these hearts of sturdy British oak.

Meanwhile, the not-so-popular Duke and Duchess of Kent, traveling in Mitel Europa, socially snubbed the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Young Kent was ex-Edward's favorite brother, on whom he had lavished favors.

Diplomacy

A SMART Bulgarian, George Dimitrov, is secretary-general of the Moscow Third International, whose communist world membership is roughly 3 million. The International is sad these days, due to Stalin's home-nationalism, to Trotskyite purgings, and to general weakness of internationalism of all kinds everywhere.

Dimitrov keeps as busy as he can. Why he lives has allegedly come to light. George was among those arrested by nazis in the phony Reichstag fire case of 1933. He was framed deliberately, put on trial at Leipzig, and grilled by Goering, of whom he made a monkey. Mysteriously, the innocent man was freed—but why?

He appealed to Stalin first, so the new story goes. Stalin, helpless in the matter, appealed to Foreign Minister Paul Boncour of France. The latter, too, considered himself without influence upon Hitler—and hence appealed, of all people, to Mussolini! Mussolini, an ex-radical, took up the scandalous matter and Dimitrov was sent, scot-free, to admiring red Russia.

He had sassed Goering; that was enough. They made him secretary-general. Poor Zinoviev, a former secretary-general of the International, was shot in Russia last summer. Dimitrov, having survived Goering, continues to survive Stalin—no mean achievement.

Died

ERRETT WEIR MCDIARMID, 60, head of the department of philosophy at Texas Christian University; president of Milligan College, Tennessee, 1913-14, and of Hamilton College, Kentucky, 1914-18.

Henry Kimball Hadley, 66, of New York, composer and conductor; a founder and honorary president of the Association of American Composers and Conductors.

Henry Thomas Fleck, 74, long head of the music department of Hunter College, New York; a leader in the movement to popularize good music.

Pierre Quesnay, 41, general manager of the Bank for International Settlements, Basle, Switzerland, since its establishment in 1930; expert on reparations.

Anna Hempstead Branch, 62, poet and welfare worker.

Robert W. Gardner, 70, of New York, architect of private homes and apartments; originator of the concentric-square theory of the Parthenon's design.

James Nathaniel Jenne, 77, dean of medicine at the University of Vermont; major and chief surgeon with U. S. Army during the war with Spain.

Daniel Fiske Jones, M.D., 69, of Boston; president of the American Surgical Association, 1933-34; an overseer of Harvard since 1932; served during the War with British and American forces.

Ruffin G. Pleasant, 66, war-time Governor of Louisiana; foe of Huey Long.

Ellis Parker Butler, 67, humorist—writer widely known for *Pigs Is Pigs.*

Thomas G. Masaryk, 87, founder of the Czechoslovak republic, and its president from 1918 to 1935.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

A TWO-YEAR-OLD girl in California can name all the Justices of the United States Supreme Court. It is reported that a certain President wishes he could. —*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

The A.E.F. survivor who has long said, "I'll be a civilian in the next," has been looking over the Shanghai casualty sheets and may reconsider.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

The old gag about the foreman of a tied-up jury ordering 11 sandwiches and a bale of hay has hit the Broadway columns, and will probably make the air lanes by 1940.—*Washington Post.*

Dr. Samuel Calvery, of New York, declares that the churches can all join into a single organization, leap across national lines, and thus force governments to abandon war. It sounds all right, except the first clause.—*Ted Cook in New York Mirror.*

One evidence that Americans are still free is that they can question the fact without being jailed.—*Dallas News.*

English officialdom has decreed that actors must get permits to point pistols at each other. But the same officialdom has been unable to find a way to prevent certain Continental gentlemen from pointing cannon across the channel—*W. C. D. in Chicago Tribune*

Still, what can one expect in a country where every day thousands write letters to Mickey Mouse and millions listen to Amos 'n' Andy?—*Olin Miller in Atlanta Journal.*

There is now a revolt in the Insurgent ranks in Spain, and if there is another in the loyalist ranks, that's going to mean a considerable headache—for we shall have loyalists, revolters, insurgents and rebels.—*Argus in South China Post (Hong Kong).*

All bluffers eventually bust. Mussolini may do it over that fine Italian submarine hand that is fraying Britain's Mediterranean life line.—*Wichita Eagle.*

Latest regulations in Germany reduce the gilt-edging of dinner plates, and silver cocktail shakers have been banned. Just as soon as he can get around to it, big-hearted Adolf promises to enlarge the holes in the doughnuts.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Buy a corner lot. You may not find oil or gold on it, but in time somebody will want it for a filling station.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

SUBSIDY FOR HEALTH

In Orange, New Jersey (one of the most prosperous of the smaller cities of the eastern states), the Superintendent of Schools has reported that one-third of the total enrollment of pupils are found to be suffering from malnutrition. In most other places across the country the condition is probably worse rather than better than in the wealthy suburbs of New York City. Educational authorities are now satisfied that the physical defects of childhood must henceforth be regarded as of primary and vital concern to our public-school administration. They have also discovered that a liberal supply of milk is more necessary for the correction of this state of undernourishment, especially in youngsters of the lower grades, than any other one thing.

For some years past it has been customary in those New Jersey schools to sell milk to the children during the lunch hour at five cents a pint. With a slight accruing profit, a very small amount of milk has been bought and given freely to very poor children who could not pay the five cents. School Boards are feeling their way, all too slowly, toward the common-sense idea that schools are for child-welfare, rather than for mere book-learning.

In the one metropolitan area of New York there are more than ten million people whose daily food supply must be derived from outside sources. As regards milk, the local health authorities several decades ago were chiefly concerned with protecting consumers against contaminated and diluted supplies. Laboratory tests and improved health administration in due time supplied safe standards.

After 1880 eastern farming was beginning to deteriorate rapidly. There were many thousands of abandoned farms in New England. Immense stretches of open country relapsed to desolate wilderness conditions. Thousands of farms in central and western New York, which had been highly prosperous before the Civil War (and until after the panic of 1875) were for sale at pitifully low prices. This state of things existed as recently as twenty-five or thirty years ago.

What had happened to destroy rural life in all the northeastern states? It is easy to supply the answer. It was not merely the opening of the prairies with their unlimited supplies of wheat, corn, cattle, hogs, butter and other farm products that broke down the old-time character of rural life in the East. It was also the western adoption of new processes on an immense scale. A hundred thousand local grist mills in every part of the East disappeared as if by magic. Minneapolis, St. Louis, and the new milling system gave the answer.

Yet, there was no reason to suppose that the eastern countryside was destined to become a howling wilderness with no hope for a restored future. Good roads and automobiles have played their part; but the demand of the cities for certain special products—above all for good milk—has in due time reëstablished eastern farming. New York and New England are today a region of beautiful green pastures, where hundreds of thousands of well-bred cows are milked for city consumers. The dairy farmers are grouped in local coöperative associations. Under state official auspices they bargain for prices with the distributing companies.

What we have stated with regard to New York and New England applies also to New Jersey, and less intensively to Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. (It is seldom that an editor permits himself to make a personal digression in an article of this kind; but it might seem more convincing to readers if they were told that the writer has been a dairy farmer himself for almost thirty years in northern Virginia, and was one of the founders of the Maryland-Virginia Milk Producers' Association, marketing his product in Washington under the strictest kind of government inspection of herd, buildings, utensils, and all the conditions of production, to be found anywhere in the world.)

QUALITY of milk supply is checked by such extreme measures as this dumping of an adulterated shipment. But quantity still follows price

Until a year ago New York farmers were receiving no more than three cents a quart at the milk collecting stations. During much of the past year, they have received two dollars per hundred pounds, equalling about four cents a quart. The great distributing companies have charged New York consumers sixteen cents a quart for Grade A milk, and fourteen cents for Grade B. This included house-to-house delivery. With approval of the state authorities late in August the organized farmers through their bargaining agencies obtained a better price from the distributors. They are now to have $2.35 a hundred pounds for milk instead of $2.

At the same time the distributors announced an increase of one cent a quart to the consumer. The farmers were elated; the distributors protected themselves; but the consumers were exceedingly indignant and were loud in their protestations against the milk companies.

There are milk consumers' protective associations, and there are large groups of irate women who are bitterly assailing the "monopolistic" distributors.

Certainly the dairy farmers, however closely unionized, have nowhere been obtaining monopolistic payment for their products. The small dairy farmer has a toilsome life. His cows and his stables must have constant care. Utensils must be sterilized after every milking. Pastures must be cared for, and there must be ample hay and other feed supplies for winter. Attention cannot be relaxed for a single day in the year.

The Hon. H. V. Noyes, New York State Commissioner of Agriculture, on August 28 told New York farmers that if they could get an all-the-year-around price of $2 a hundred pounds (4 cents a quart) for their milk, they would not be living in luxury but could carry on very decently. Nobody is finding fault with the farmers. Yet the consumers are up in arms in the cities. There is a deadlock, and no one seems to have dared to propose what is the only sound and permanent solution.

Four years ago our Secretary of Agriculture, Henry A. Wallace, had only one thing in his head. We were over-producing, and the only help to farmers, who were everywhere in distress through low prices, was to curtail production. The western farm bloc had already formulated its program for subsidies to wheat-growers, and also to Mr. Wallace's neighbors of the corn-hog belt. The southern cotton interests knew exactly what they wanted, and like the wheat and corn interests they were powerfully represented in Congress.

BUT what of the languishing dairy interests? Let it be explained that for a few brief years the World War made heavy demand for all food products, and even the dairy farmers prospered. Hundreds of new factories were established to supply the domestic and foreign market for condensed milk, and other milk preparations that could be used by five million of our men in uniform and twice as many more who were working in war industries. The allied European countries also were buying our milk products of this kind in great quantities. About one-third of the milk product sold by our dairy farmers went to these new canning factories. The dairyman could sell all the milk he could produce, and the prices were reasonably high.

But almost too suddenly for comprehension our millions of uniformed men were back in their home neighborhoods. Europe could no longer buy our dairy products. The condensed milk factories were closed down. Our cities felt the pinch of low wages and unemployment, and could not buy as much milk as they had used in the war period.

Such were conditions when our new Secretary, Mr. Wallace, came over to central New York to meet the dairy farmers. He told them they must send a considerable part of their milking herds to the shambles, and cut down the daily supply of milk that they were delivering to Borden, Sheffield Farms, and the other distributors. He was proceeding in the dairy districts on the analogy of his western programs. The East was to slaughter cows, just as the corn-belt was to slaughter pigs.

So unimportant a person as the present writer tried to tell Mr. Wallace that *the trouble with milk was not over-production* but *under-consumption*. More than half of the small children of the United States were insufficiently nourished. Three-quarters of them did not have as much good wholesome milk, day by day, as their young bodies needed. This was almost, if not quite, as true in the farm districts as in the cities.

Our educational authorities can testify regarding undernourishment in the schools of our large cities and towns. But there should be a thorough survey of undernourishment in country neighborhoods from the standpoint of the rural schools. And this survey should be carried further, to include infants and children at home, under school age.

We do not ask the federal government to give a penny of subsidy to dairy farmers. But we do ask the government to grant a large and nation-wide subsidy to undernourished children, for the specific purpose of providing them with a reasonable amount of wholesome milk.

A milk program should not be administered by federal agents, but it should have careful federal oversight, with strict inspection. It should be carried out by the state health authorities, in cooperation with local school authorities.

PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL

CITY YOUNGSTERS like these lads at a summer fresh-air camp get milk as a matter of course. Farmers' children sometimes suffer a shortage

THERE has been a great deal of discussion of federal aid to the public schools. No one, it would seem to us, could object to a national subsidy for the distribution of milk to promote the well-being of children and incidentally to give the dairy farmer a steady market.

School lunches are no longer a novelty. Thousands of teachers can testify that some nourishing food served to children during the school day, with milk as the most important item of the dietary, has a surprising effect upon the morals of an entire schoolroom. The children study better and play better, and there are fewer absences by reason of sickness. In some places these good teachers are aided with food supplies by the voluntary contributions of sympathetic friends.

Feeding undernourished children should not, of course, be disregarded while one waits for Uncle Sam, under competent advice, to adopt a national policy. But we are convinced that all interests concerned should unite in formulating a practical plan, and in asking for its financial support at Washington. With great respect, we refer the question to the Parent-Teacher movement, to the Women's Clubs, and to all who are interested in the household budgets of wage-earners whose first concern is for the welfare of their children.

Albert Shaw.

OXEN pulling contests are a dramatic feature of the farmers' own show—the county fair. The photographs on these pages were taken at Danbury, Conn.

DIGEST PHOTOS BY FANCHER FROM BLACK STAR

COUNTY FAIR

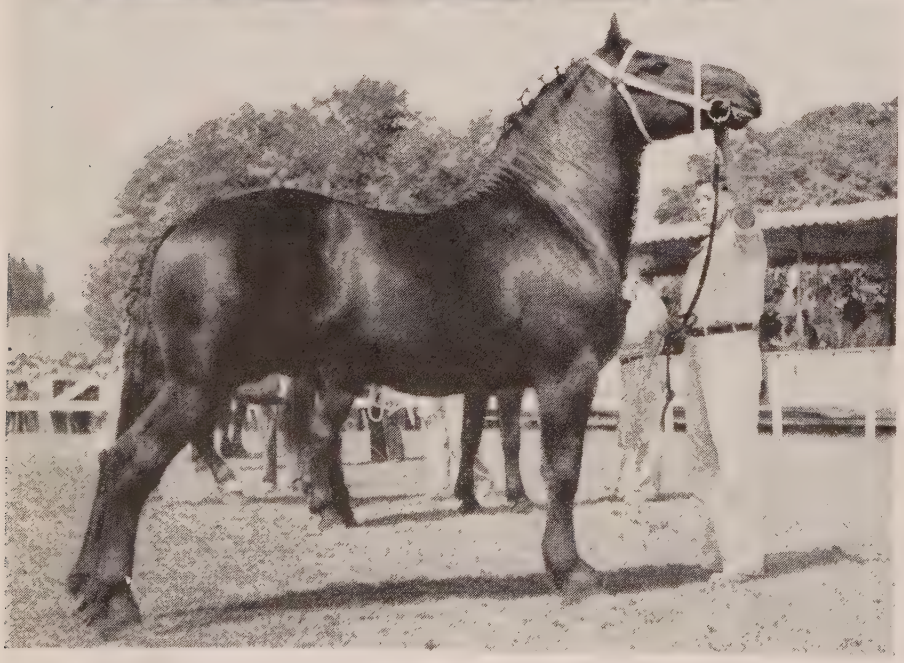
IT LOOKS as if America's great autumn festival—FAIR WEEK—would reach a new high this year.

With bumper crops of wheat and corn in the South and West, and with the blessing of a droughtless summer for the vegetables and fruit of the East, the farmer and his family will drive to the fair with lighter hearts—and with more impressive entries.

Attendance at fairs for the past two years was record-breaking, and it is probable that these figures will be surpassed this year.

From some seven million farms the proprietors, tenants, and hired hands will attend fairs in eight hundred county seats all over the country—and another horde will drive out from the nearest cities to join in the fun.

The city slicker will not gaze on the prize Holsteins and Percherons with the



EARLY AMERICAN in his war bonnet, above, is part of a Wild West show. The heavy draft horses have been lovingly groomed for weeks.

BEARS, fuzzy dogs, canes, and monkeys on sticks are sold by hawkers who are always on hand along the midway

TROTTING races are the main event of most of the eastern fairs

same understanding as will his country cousin, but with more wonder. And everybody—old and young, urban and rural—will find amusements made to order.

It has been estimated that about one-tenth of the visitors are interested chiefly in the agricultural exhibits—the mighty animals and fancy poultry, the colossal vegetables and fruits, the elaborate cakes, preserves, and needlework. For the other nine-tenths, there are the glories of the grandstand and the midway.

Between horse races (or automobile races), spectacles are provided for the delight of the opulent who can afford a grandstand ticket. In the oval inside the track appear the clowns, the acrobats, the stunt divers, the oxen pulls, tugs-of-war, and, at night, the fireworks. The midway is a long enticing series of temptations. All the games of chance are there. The freaks are there—Pearl the Fat Girl, Lionel the Dog-faced Boy, giants and dwarfs, and those accomplished ladies and gentlemen who can swallow swords, eat fire, charm snakes, and thread needles with their toes. The refreshment stands are there with enough hot dogs, ice cream cones, lemonade, and crackerjack to feed an army.

A visit to the fair is highly recommended to all those who deplore the rapidly changing present. For here is one thing that doesn't change in short years.

PRISON scandals will be exposed, the masked man promises. His companions offer to take on all comers

FAN DANCERS are milder than the barkers' promises

DIGEST PHOTOS BY FRANCES ADAMS

TO WASHINGTON in 20 cars and 8 buses went the 700 of New York's Workers' Alliance; California came in box cars

"YOU'LL GET PIE in the sky when you die!" was refrain during the meal near Trenton, N. J.

FOOD for hungry marchers was turned down at Philadelphia because it came from a cafeteria chain being picketed in New York

JUNKET FOR JOBS

UNION of the unemployed, the Workers' Alliance of America assembled 2500 of its members in Washington to protest the lay-off of WPA workers. The group, claiming to represent 450,000 jobless in the country, demanded congressional action on the Schwellenbach-Allen resolution calling for their reinstatement in WPA. It demanded also that all thoughts of a WPA lay-off of 500,000 in October be forgotten.

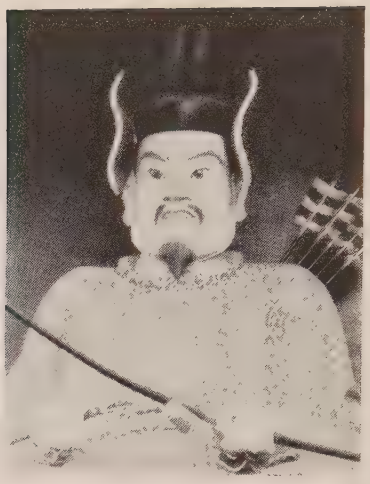
From President Roosevelt the W.A.A., through its head, David Lasser, was assured no further dismissals from the ranks of WPA would be considered, and that its members now privately employed might find their former places in line should such employment fail.

The marchers, sleeping in rain-soaked tents for four days, demonstrated, and presented their demands with the chant, "We *can't* eat *pink* slips, *we* want *jobs,*" and "WPA *must* go on," intoned in picket lines.

Least subtle device of the art of lobbying, marches on Washington carry a certain amount of dynamite. To Hoover, as to his successor, it was demonstrated that unemployed marchers must be tendered soft words and high promises. Marchers carry with them not only votes but public appeal. Officials, however, in extending the welcoming hand, must remember also the not inconsiderable number of votes which stand for a firm policy toward those who press their pleas.

INTERNATIONAL army of Italian, Armenian, Russian. Irish, Japanese, and Negro members camps in the mud

PLOTS IN ASIA



CHINA'S GOD OF WAR
still shoots bows and arrows

LIKE a two-headed oriental dragon, the Chinese-Japanese war has two faces —the grim local war in China and the international struggle that is just beginning. As in the Spanish conflict, blood from the Chinese-Japanese carnage spills over national frontiers. It takes no soothsayer to imagine Russia and possibly France and Britain helping China, and Germany helping Japan.

First consider the local face of the war. China's strategy is peculiar but farsighted. Her plan is to keep on being defeated here and there. but to continue fighting everywhere. The Chinese are willing to be knocked down for a nine-second rest, but not knocked out for the full count. It is the time-honored strategy of the Russians burning Moscow before Napoleon's attack, but beating Napoleon in the end. It is a strategy which, no matter how expensive to China, is even more expensive to Japan. For mammoth China can afford to have cities burned and life destroyed if the price is that, for every burned city, 50,000 more Japanese soldiers get bogged down in the pestilent mire of China's vast interior.

This is the strategy of the "fly-paper." If it works, Japan's crack troops will be glued to trenches thousands of miles from home, separated from one another on different fronts, without sufficient lines of communication and supply, and, like other overambitious flies, the Japanese may never struggle loose. The farther inland the Chinese forces can suck the Japanese, the more fronts on which Nanking can make Tokyo fight and spend itself in men and yen, the more victorious China expects to be at the pay-off.

The brains behind the strategy and China's surprising resistance are concentrated in a small, but determined, group of Chinese patriots, who have whipped their loosely knit nation into a frenzy of enthusiasm for a national crusade against Japan. Led by dynamic, middle-aged Madame Sun Yat-sen, the radical wife of China's former leader, this patriotic group has prodded Nanking's Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Shanghai's cautious Mayor O. K. Yui into crossing broadswords with Japan.

It was also part of this group's strategy to shift the center of the war from North China to central China, thereby upsetting Japan's well-made plans. For what Japan had originally planned as a second-rate war in the north has now become a first-rate war in central China, and, instead of facing ragamuffin northern Chinese troops, Japan now faces Nanking's regulars and modern air force.

IN MAKING parts of Shanghai "a second Pompeii" another important factor upset Japan's earlier calculations. One of the chief reasons for her trying to pulverize Shanghai is to ruin China's commerce and finance, but, secretly and without ballyhoo, Shanghai's fidgety bankers shipped their bullion southward several weeks before hostilities broke out. Thus, with some $600,000,000 safely salted away in British Hong Kong vaults, even the loss of Shanghai would not paralyze the Nanking Government financially, especially since quick-witted Finance Minister Kung has meanwhile replenished the Chinese purse with the vast loans he pocketed during his recent tour of Europe.

DIGEST PHOTOS BY UPTON CLOSE

BRITISH LION sits in beautiful, terraced Hong Kong, ready to roar if Japan threatens near-by Canton

Looking into the future, Chinese patriots plan another series of "incidents" (scarcely accidents) at Tsingtao, Chefoo, Haichow, Hangchow, Fuchow and Canton, hoping that still more Japanese will be kept occupied on an even greater number of separate fronts. Chinese strategy hopes to make Japan put as many frying-pans in the fire as possible so that the Japanese cook will first burn his fingers on the pan and eventually get roasted by the fire itself.

This is the web of strategy which China's patriots are weaving. Having already been pushed into chewing off more of China than they had originally planned to digest, Tokyo's military leaders are now trying to turn a necessity into an advantage by extending the war, stifling ports, blockading 2150 miles of coast, and searching foreign ships for contraband of war, despite the poetic illusion that this is not a war, but simply a punitive expedition.

This vicious circle brings grave international complications. The Occident jitters as the war sweeps down to Canton in the uttermost south; for the British in near-by Hong Kong haven't the slightest desire to see Japan ruin and eventually gobble up that part of Cantonese trade which now finds its lucrative way into British pockets, and the British Lion would roar (though not bite) if a well-armed Japan sat in Canton, only a cannon ball's throw away from strategic Hong Kong.

IF CANTON were lost as a supply port for Nanking, France would be jerked toward the center of the maelstrom. For with Canton shelled off the map, and with China's coast-line blockaded, an increasing amount of supplies would enter from the extreme southwest corner of China over the French railway between Haiphong, in French Indo-China, and Nanking. Cut off from British and American supplies, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek would become increasingly dependent on France and Russia for airplane replacements. The Generalissimo's 400 American military planes are bound to decrease as the war progresses; and China must get replacements to fill the gap. Worth their weight in gold, Chiang's crack American planes and well-trained German and American pilots have so far been used almost exclusively for dog-fighting over Nanking and Canton. The planes which

SOVFOTO

CHALLENGE to Japan, these pro-Russian, anti-Japanese leaders of the Outer Mongolian People's Republic in North China

China used over Shanghai were simply requisitioned commercial planes.

Where Japanese planes have locked wings with Chiang's military planes and pilots, the American equipment has winged it over Japan's. But the impolite question remains: How long can China, with 400 first-class planes, maintain superiority in the air against Japan, which has 3000 new and old planes at her disposal and has factories turning out new planes at the rate of approximately 150 a month? China, with perhaps 1000 spare motors for replacements, is handicapped by the fact that she possesses only one airplane assembly plant, purchased last fall from the Curtiss-Wright Company. It was secretly smuggled, section by section, truckload by truckload, from Hangchow Bay to an unknown destination many miles inland.

This aircraft inequality is partly ironed out by the new Russo-Chinese pact, since it is doubtful whether Russia will avoid the temptation of supplying China with planes of the type that have already demonstrated their excellence in Spain. Russia's friendship toward China has this further twist: it compels Nippon to waste the major share of her air force as a safeguard against an always possible, but highly improbable, Russian attack flying in from Siberia, and thus the number of Japanese planes available for action in China is whittled down to about a thousand. The new Russian treaty not only gives a tremendous boost to Chinese morale, but if China can draw 300,000 Japanese troops into her territory through the "fly-paper" strategy, and keep them glued there until Japan begins to crack under the economic strain, Russia may then be counted on for increasing aid.

RUSSIAN aid to China is possible in at least two ways. Japan may find herself at war with the near-by sovietized Republic of Outer Mongolia, in which case Russia is treaty-bound to render aid to Outer Mongolia, made easier by the new Kyakhta-Ulan-Bator railroad, which branches off from the recently double-tracked Trans-Siberian. Or, Russia can supply the Chinese communist armies of the northwest, of which 100,000 already have floated down the swollen Upper Yellow River on inflated ox-skin rafts to Kueihua, where the railway from Peiping meets the river. While these Chinese communist armies cannot knock Japan off her feet, they can jolt her. Experts at guerrilla warfare, they know how to make a few bullets do tremendous damage. In fact, Japan is already in trouble up north. She has come close to over-reaching herself, for, having conquered Nankow Pass near the Great Wall and claiming to have extended her lines past Kalgan, she dare not push farther afield into desert country. Moreover, the drive through the Nankow Pass, originally intended to accompany a push from Japanese-dominated Manchukuo westward toward Mongolia, had to be postponed because of the Shanghai "fly-paper" campaign and threats of widespread mutiny in Manchukuo itself.

China's chances are therefore favorable just so long as Chinese armies continue to take punishment and come back for more. The doubt is not whether the armies will answer the bell, but whether their leaders can "take it." The rock-bottom question is: Will China's rulers and property owners keep fighting, once their business and tax revenues are liquidated? Japan thinks not. Japanese stress the fact that both Chiang and his

RUSSIAN BEAR looks across to Japan from busy Vladivostok, seaport, air and naval base of Soviet Siberia, only 650 miles from Tokyo

SOVFOTO

SOVFOTO

WARNING finger of Russia's Bluecher, commander in Siberia. Will he join with China?

wife have already appealed for foreign intervention—a prelude, the Japanese say, to the old defeatist story: "No one would help us, so what could we Chinese do?"

THE END is problematic, but maybe the lumbering Russian Bear will come shuffling along and upset everyone's plans. Moscow, with one hand already tied behind its back by the internal purges which are unsettling Sovietland, will probably continue to "attack" Japan with a noisy mouth but mouselike feet. There is, however, one egotistical, ambitious, but very efficient man—Marshal Vassily Bluecher, commander of the Far Eastern Soviet Army—who may upset both the Russian and international applecarts.

Marshal Bluecher, once a peasant in the old German settlement along the Volga River, then an adventurer fighting white Russians after the red revolution, later the trainer of Sun Yat-sen's Canton army, and now supreme commander in Soviet Siberia, is a sort of Russian Mussolini, flightier and more militant than cautious Stalin. Little news has been allowed to leak out concerning the fact that Bluecher has 700 excellent airplanes and about 250,000 mechanized troops at his command, and that, hovering off Vladivostok, he has a number of secret "pocket" submarines.

Stalin maintains that Japan is so hogtied by the Chinese war that she is not immediately dangerous, and hence Stalin wants Bluecher to hand over some of his planes for use against the more immediate danger of a German invasion of Russia's ally, Czechoslovakia. But Bluecher has no inclination to part with his treasure, especially since he regards Japan, and not Germany, as the Soviet's real enemy.

For some time Bluecher has winced under Stalin's temporizing policy toward Japan; first, when the Russian dictator bowed before Nippon's demands with regard to Siberian fisheries, and then, in July, when Moscow apologized to Tokyo after the two had clashed over some Amur River sandbars—apologized, it is said, against Bluecher's wishes. Bluecher thus sizzles, and there is always the possibility that he will explode against Stalin as well as Japan.

VAST FIELD of Chinese-Japanese operations. Striped area shows the Japanese sphere of influence; mottled area, the Russian sphere. No. 1 arrows show Japanese forces pushing past Kalgan from Manchukuo; toward the Yellow River from captured Hopei province; northerly and southerly from Shanghai. No. 2 arrows show Chinese forces moving to defend the Yellow River line. No. 3 arrows show independent Chinese and Mongol communist armies which have joined the Chinese central government. Red Outer Mongolia receives supplies from friendly Russia, to the north

DIGEST MAP BY R. FOSTER WORTHLEY

While Bluecher is an important man to watch, the dominating international aspect of the war at the moment is the reluctant realization by the western powers that Japan's invasion is also a definite campaign to end occidental interests, trade, and special privileges in eastern Asia. Japan's willynilly treatment of foreign concessions and leased areas despite western protests, her lording it over European and American citizens and subjects, her machine-gunning of the British Ambassador to China, and her application of illegal blockade measures to foreign shipping—all convince the unwilling white man that his day on the China coast is ended, unless he now maintains it with force. But even should China win, westerners will shake in their boots, for they would be foolhardy to expect a victorious China to respect the very rights and privileges which they themselves have failed to enforce against Japanese aggression.—*Upton Close*

DIGEST PHOTO BY UPTON CLOSE

PLAGUE and pneumonia trouble civilians and troops in North China

SOVIET

DIGEST PHOTOS FROM FRONTIER FILMS

SPEARHEAD of Soviet China is its well-armed patrols, ready to meet approaching hosts of imperialistic Japan. This squad is fording a tributary of the Upper Yellow River

GUERRILLA TACTICS: Soviet China's cavalry patrols are quick to attack, disperse, re-form, and attack again

SAND-PIES for military strategy. This Chinese Red army game aims at drilling soldiers against Japan. Note the Japanese flag

GAMES teach hatred of Japan. He who wins seven sticks has "conquered" Japan

EUROPEAN SCRIPT is taught Chinese Red soldiers at the "Anti-Japanese Political and Military Institute" in Yenan

SOAP was introduced by Russians

CHINA

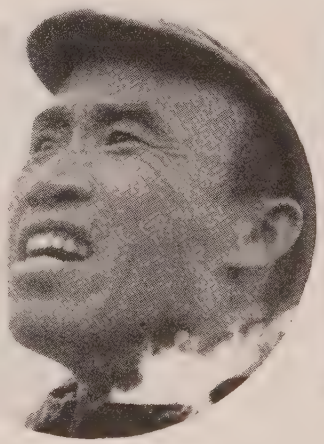
SOVIET China is in the news. Its 100,000 veteran soldiers have just joined forces with Nanking against Japan, ending a ten-year feud between the two.

These Red soldiers, pictured here, can be counted on to bruise Japan, for Nanking's million fighters could never decisively defeat them in yesteryears. Once they marched 2000 miles without food, clothing, transport, or medical supplies, continually harassed by superior forces, only to succeed in establishing their Soviet Republic.

There, in northwestern Shensi province, 20,000,000 soviet peasants have wrested the Good Earth away from the landlords. There, in the tumble-down city of Yenan, they have set up a novel "Anti-Japanese Political and Military Institute," whose first class was graduated in August. Here, at Soviet China's West Point, students learn to hate Nippon and love Russia.

MAO TSE-TUNG, Red president of China's Shensi Soviet, looks contented as he signs a Marxian order to troops

POSTER shows Chinese communism grappling with the "puny" Jap



GENERAL CHU-TEH, once a hunted Red leader, now fights with anti-Red Nanking

REDS' VICE-PRESIDENT En-lai arranged the deal between old foes, Chiang Kai-shek and the Shensi Reds, against the 1937 Japanese invaders

CHARGING up rugged terrain. China's Reds are used to it; Japanese are not

THE LEGION'S WELFARE WORK

WHILE it marches in star-spangled manner across the political horizon, while hotelkeepers wring their hands in anguish over the post-convention crockery bills, the American Legion carries on quietly a child welfare program of extensive proportions. Every one of the 11,000 American Legion posts and every one of the 8000 American Legion Auxiliary posts has its child welfare chairman who is actively concerned with the children in his or her community. In the year ended June 30, the local, state, and national units of the Legion spent $3,242,-756.53 on their child welfare program, and they reached 381,274 children.

Half of that sum was money that came from outside agencies at the behest of the Legion. The other half, approximately $1,600,000, did not come in just one great slice from the national treasury: it came from poppy sales, cake sales, card parties, dances. Fifty dollars here, $100 there, maybe $500 out of that effort. It came in little sums; for this is no endowed charity-on-a-grand-scale. It is a volunteer program carried on by men and women who, though their bond of union stems from the past, believe that their responsibility extends to the future.

The work is carried on chiefly by the Forty-and-Eight (40 men, 8 horses, the capacity of a French box car) and the Eight-and-Forty (8 women, 40 hats) which are the fun and service branches of the Legion and the Women's Auxiliary. They work through a complex local, state, and national organization, which, without going into details, functions effectively so that members in one state can know that their wives and children will get a friendly, helping hand from the local Legion, even though they may be several states away.

Broadly, this welfare program falls into four categories: cash assistance, cooperating services, legislative work, and delinquency work. And in those terms it sounds like a formidable social welfare program. But in action it is concerned with human welfare first, social welfare afterward.

There were the Loughlins, for example, who came under the first category; they needed cash. Major Loughlin, released from army life, found the vicissitudes of civilian life insurmountable. He became embittered. The depression preyed on his mind. Presently they had to put him in a veterans' hospital—a mental case. Helen Loughlin and the two children had nothing left but their house, and that was mortgaged. The local Legion stepped quickly into the breach. It kept up payments on the mortgage. It got financial aid from a permanent relief agency to keep the children fed and clad and in school; and, finally, it got a job for Mrs. Loughlin. Proudly grateful, she sent back the first two checks the Legion sent after that, and the Legion closed the case.

SOMETIMES the Legion helps children directly, as in the case of Bob Langdon, a 14-year-old lad whose veteran father was unemployed. Bob was the lad for whom the boys saved their grossest insults, their cruelest gibes. It was his face. Neglected tonsils and adenoids had so deformed it that he was repulsive to look on. His upper jaw protruded abnormally and his upper teeth, unusually large, stuck out like a horse's. Slowly but certainly, his mind was becoming as twisted and deformed as his face. He became nervous, irascible; hated and shunned his companions, suffered agonies of indigestion, developed a strong inferiority sense.

His parents were helpless. The treatments and operations necessary to correct the deformity would cost $1000. It might as well be $100,000. The Legion post offered its services, however, and they were miraculous services. Bob's jaw was operated on and a part of the bone removed to relieve the protrusion. Next a Legion dentist removed his front teeth and replaced them with normal ones. When the lad was finally permitted to look at himself in the mirror, he could hardly believe what had happened.

His parents wrote gratefully to the welfare chairman: "It has just been too marvelous to be true. It has made a new boy out of Bob. It has changed his whole appearance and personality. He has taken a new lease on life, and eats, sleeps, and acts better. He has had no more severe nervous spells and is beginning to gain weight and take an actual interest in life around him."

The coöperating service maintained by the Legion's welfare department is not concerned with this personal case-work, but it renders yeoman service in finding needy veterans and their families and referring them to agencies for help.

Where special conditions warrant, the Legion has lent support to correction of more specific abuses. In North Carolina,

PHOTO BY VICTOR DE PALMA

STRUGGLE toward useful manhood is made easier by the Legion's help

PHOTO BY LAMBERT FROM BLACK STAR

THE RACE is to the more fit; and the American Legion is helping, by its widespread welfare program, to give all starters an equal chance

for example, it supported an act prohibiting the employment of children under 15 years of age and the practicing of street trades, including the selling of newspapers by boys under 14. In New York it supported an act to provide more severe punishment for carnal abuse of children under 16, and an act making it a misdemeanor to sell articles produced by child labor. Nationally, the Legion is on record as opposed to child labor, but it has left to local units, some of which do not favor the currently proposed amendment, all action in that field. In many states it has secured passage of special bills under which scholarships ranging around $200 a year for their college education are granted to veterans' children.

Like its welfare work, the Legion's legislative program extends into every state in the Union and into the territories. Nor is it a spontaneous, decentralized program. Its fountain-head is at national headquarters in Indianapolis, where a complete library of all the social welfare legislation in the United States is maintained, and from where suggestions for improving the social welfare programs are sent out.

FINALLY, there is the juvenile delinquency phase of the Legion's welfare program, and this is the one which many believe to be the most important of all. Working closely with other agencies, such as the National Probation Association, the Legionnaires and members of the Auxiliary, in the roles of Big Brothers and Sisters, visit the juvenile courts, take the young offenders in hand, often divert them from imminent careers of crime. More than that, the Legion follows through. Seventy-nine units of the Auxiliary in West Virginia, for example, undertook the "adoption" of girls in the West Virginia Industrial Home at Salem. Not all of the girls were delinquents, some having been sent to the home because their parents were deceased or because their fathers were in penal institutions. But all of the girls needed friends.

The Auxiliary members founded a Junior Auxiliary unit in the home, since many of the girls were eligible, and thus established a closer bond with their wards at once. Now they keep up a correspondence with their "adopted" daughters, send small gifts to them, visit them when possible, and keep in touch with the girls when they are released from the home.

Virginia Stratton, chairman of the Child Welfare Department in Virginia, had a shocking experience which started her on her welfare work in that state. In 1934 the then child welfare chairman sent to her a list of four war orphans in her vicinity and asked her to check up on them. All were supposed to be receiving government compensation through the local bank. Mrs. Stratton called there to make a perfunctory inquiry, for, to tell the truth, she wasn't much interested.

"Out of the four," she said, "I found that one of the girls had been forced to marry—a shotgun marriage—and she had ceased to receive compensation.

"One of the boys had been so incorrigible that after sending him to several industrial schools it was necessary to send him to a reformatory where he must remain until he is twenty-one. Of the other two, only one, a colored boy, was living a healthy, normal life. The other had contracted tuberculosis and was placed in a hospital.

"All this startled me into the realization that my unit was guilty of gross neglect."

Mrs. Stratton thereupon launched a program of preventive work—too late to help the four war orphans, but perhaps not too late for other children. It included the provision of playgrounds for children, of Y. M. and Y. W. and Hi-Y memberships, of Boy and Girl Scout memberships and church memberships. It meant keeping in touch with city and county nurses to keep a close watch on typhoid, tuberculosis, and diphtheria. It meant a broad program of scholarships, milk funds, hot lunches, summer camps, and Big Brother and Sister work.

"The hard thing about a preventive program like this," she says, "is that it is not interesting in that you can never see or be sure just what we may have prevented. When we have saved a boy or girl from delinquency, we can't gloat over the hell and destruction they might have caused otherwise. It's a long, patient, continuous job that requires a wonderful faith."

And, roughly, her work and her attitude reflect the work and attitude of the Legion's entire child welfare program. Most of the workers are doing what they can, are nowhere near satisfied, but have a "wonderful faith." The welfare department works; it works quietly, and it works well.—*Isabelle Keating*

A WEEKLY DIGEST *of the best in print*

READING

Thou Shalt Not Kill — **John T. Flynn**
From *Collier's*

The French Are So Logical — **An Editorial**
From *Le Canard Enchaîné*

Kisses—By Special Delivery — **A Feature**
From *Printers' Ink*

Tough Judge — **Bryan M. O'Reilly**
From *Harpers Magazine*

Authentic Eccentrics — **Irving Wallace**
From *Script*

For Beauty's Sake — **Penelope Williams**
From *Health Culture*

Peace for Sale — **A Feature**
From *Tide*

Russian Protestant — **Boris Agapov**
From *Izvestia*

Hitler's Art Critic — **Barrie Stavis**
From *New Masses*

Gadgets of Glass — **Frances Rogers-Alice Beard**
From *5000 Years of Glass*

Newspapers • Magazines • Books

Thou Shalt Not Kill

From "Collier's"

By John T. Flynn

ON this question of automobile accidents the bloody, messy, horrific story of the human agony has been told and retold and we need not retail it here. The gory, costly tale can be summed up in a thimbleful of statistics. Here they are for last year:

Killed	37,800
Injured	967,840
Property damage	$820,000,000

We need not embroider that gruesome table. The only question left is: What are we going to do about it? And this other one: Can we do anything about it?

Now I submit a simple question. Back in 1933, Milwaukee had an automobile accident death rate of 15.1 per 100,000. That was half the alarming national rate of 1936. In that year its rate fell to 11.7. If Milwaukee, with a death rate already only half that of the nation, could cut it another 23 per cent to 11.7, why need anyone doubt that any other city or state can do half as well?

Why do they kill them at the rate of 31.8 per 100,000 in Montana and only 19.9 in North Dakota, next door? Why do they knock 'em off 39 per 100,000 in Indiana and only 16.9 in Rhode Island? Why do they mow 'em down at the rate of 51.7 in California, 60.1 in Arizona and 66 in Nevada and only 21.7 in Iowa?

It struck me that it would be a good idea to ask one of those states where the reduction in deaths and accidents had been effectively carried out just what it did about it. So I asked Mr. Lew Wallace, Motor Vehicle Commissioner of Iowa. I asked him because his state has newly taken hold of the problem under his leadership and brought itself down to a low place in the accident list.

"The truth is," Mr. Wallace told me, "there is nothing mysterious about cutting down death and accident rates on the highways. There are just four spots to look for the cause of accidents. One is the car, one is the highway, the other is in the driver and the other is the pedestrian.

"The bulk of deaths and accidents are the fault of the driver and the pedestrian. You have to solve this problem in the good old-fashioned way — by driving straight through the skulls of these two human beings."

The first thing that confronts the bewildered citizen amidst the din of clashing bumpers and crumpling fenders is this fact —that there is only one authority capable of dealing with the problem, and that is the government. It alone has the range and resources and authority. When the government—and chiefly the state government—is on the job, the death score slumps; when the government goes off the job or slows down, the score rises.

The next factor, of course, is that the public authority is not likely to take up the job until private interests and organizations and groups set the ball in motion.

For instance, you may be a bit peeved, in moments of patriotic zeal, at the laxity of the police-court judge in enforcing the law. What you overlook is that the police-court judge cannot be either a good or a bad one without first being a police-court judge and that the little traffic ticket and the court "fix" is one of the most powerful weapons in the hands of politicians.

The public must make the government understand that it is responsible and that the public expects this appalling killing of human beings and maiming of them and destruction of property to cease. And private groups must take the initiative in mobilizing public sentiment behind that.

The French Are So Logical

From "Le Canard Enchaîné"

THE Japanese have invaded China. The cannon roars. The machine-guns chatter. Victims are counted by thousands.

But this isn't war. All Foreign Offices agree on that.

An official communiqué announces that diplomatic discussions continue.

The battle also continues.

The advantage of this procedure lies in the fact that if one does not declare war, one does not have to conclude a peace treaty, either. Then peace may perhaps come as suddenly as war.

Mr. Cordell Hull, the American Secretary of State, has sent a note to the powers asking them to express their views on the principles necessary to maintain peace.

We are informed that all states answered favorably.

Even Japan expressed its approval.

Mr. Hull then stated that the approval of certain fundamental principles by a majority of governments gave a new force and vigor to these principles.

A force and vigor that China and Republican Spain can well appreciate.

Mr. Hull is satisfied. So are we. Everybody is satisfied.

One does not wage war any longer. One performs experiments.

They seriously tell us that the Spanish

AROUND THE WORLD

war has already had the happy result of showing tactical errors in the use of tanks.

Doubtless, the Chinese war will also have useful lessons for us.

And when everybody has learned and digested these lessons, then we can begin in earnest.

But that, of course, won't be war, either. It will simply be the end of the world.

Kisses—By Special Delivery

From "Printers' Ink"

ONE of the enterprising telegraph companies, we learn from the public prints, has gone into the business of delivering kisses. You want to kiss a lady at a distant point, for some reason, and the telegraph company assigns a messenger to take the rap, while you sit comfortably at home. All you have to do is pay the wire charges. It isn't even necessary to kiss a messenger at the sending end. The company takes care of everything.

This goes to show how widespread is the menace of change. For years the ink manufacturers have had the kiss business sewed up There simply was no other way of shipping kisses except by making X's at the bottom of letters. At one stroke the monopoly crumbles.

And the threat engulfs Mr. Farley's postal service as well. Rumors have reached us that the development will be a principal order of business at the annual convention in Chicago next month of the National Association of Special Delivery Messengers. Leaders of this group foresee severe inroads in their hold upon the love message business unless a similar service is offered through the mails. One faction favors taking a cut in the fee per letter delivered, provided the postal authorities will set up certain rigid standards as to age and appearance of recipients of special-delivery kisses.

"Tough Judge"

From "Harpers Magazine"

By Bryan M. O'Reilly

PULL over there, Mister."

The voice came from a policeman in a coupé which suddenly appeared beside me. Pulling over to the curb, my peaceful morning shattered, I reflected that my speedometer could not have registered more than 45—40 was the legal limit on this stretch—I was in for a "bawling out." Remember, I murmured to myself, never talk back to a cop.

"I clocked you at 55, Johnny. You'll have to follow me in to the station-house."

"But, officer, I wasn't going 55. My needle hung around 40."

"Sorry, mister. Just follow me into the station. You'll have to tell that to the judge."

Half an hour later I told the story of my morning's misadventure to my colleagues.

"It's a tough town," was their unanimous comment. "Those boys won't play ball," and then the floodgates were let loose. The native-born citizenry told me what to expect of an American court. "They'll soak you $25." "An out-of-town license has no luck in that town." "It's an old racket, they need money in the treasury." I was warned not to talk back to the judge, advised to plead guilty, urged to soft-soap the arresting officer, and ask him to "go easy." My complaint that I was not guilty, that I had not driven 55 miles per hour, was brushed aside.

My suggestion that, since I had a reasonable case, the judge would give me a fair hearing, was greeted with guffaws of laughter. Stories were told of this or that man who had been railroaded. My determination to plead not guilty was asking for trouble. The cop, the judge, the clerk, and the township were in "cahoots," I was informed; it was a racket.

Our Sales Manager, a good mixer with a wide acquaintance, whom nothing dashed, while he recognized it as a tough proposition, hoped to do something. He knew the architect who had built the local schools and the doctor who dosed the police; they might be able to persuade the judge to go easy on a friend. But he couldn't, not this time. His sources of information relayed the old tale. "This bunch is tough."

Court convened, on paper, at 8 P.M. but at 8:30 P.M. nothing had happened and we fidgeted while others chewed gum. At 8:35 a policeman at the door barked "Stand up" and a clean-cut man in a business suit entered from behind the bench, nodded, sat down, and motioned all to be seated. The "tough judge." He was flanked by the clerk and after a few motions the first case was called. Drawing upon what I had been told of police court conditions, I was all prepared for high-handed proceedings, for a succession of rapid-fire cases to be perfunctorily run through the mill. I steeled myself to make a fight for a hearing. However, to my surprise, matters proceeded with quiet order. The Judge was quiet-spoken, attentive, and dignified; he listened carefully, allowed the accused full freedom of speech, delivered judgment with restraint and summed up well. This was unmistakably a Court of Justice.

My case came half way down the calendar; I advanced to the bar and heard the charge read. I was sworn. "What do you plead?" inquired the "tough judge." "Not guilty, your honor," I replied. He

CARTOON OF THE WEEK—The giant stirs—*Little Rock Democrat*

"You are not disturbed?" "No. Until war is declared it is always possible to reach an agreement."—*Humanité, Paris*

gave me a patient hearing, asked me a few questions, and then cross-questioned the police officer. Then he addressed me in a friendly conversational tone: "A plea of 'not guilty' in a case of this kind is unusual; while I have every confidence in your statements and can see that you are a man of substance, I have known this officer for some years and feel sure that he did not arrest you without reason. Do you still plead 'not guilty' to a speed of 55 miles per hour?" "Yes, your honor." He turned over a paper and continued, "Well, I wish to be fair to all parties; the road in question is a down grade, and it is possible that you were traveling faster than you realized. Will you plead 'guilty' to a charge of 49 miles per hour?" I did not wish to tempt the gods. "Yes, your honor, it is possible that I was traveling at about that speed for an instant while passing another car." "Very well, I shall accept a plea of 'guilty' to a charge of 49 miles per hour in a forty-mile zone and fine you the minimum allowed—four dollars and costs. Are you satisfied that this is just?" "Yes, your honor." "Good. Pay the Clerk of the Court. Next case, please."

The costs were a dollar fifty. I had received at the hands of a strange judge that which is every free man's right—an open hearing and a fair trial. And so I take off my hat to a "tough judge." May there be many like him, which, despite the well-meaning friends who can fix it, there probably are.

Authentic Eccentrics

From "Script"

By Irving Wallace

EVER since the Great War, eccentricity has been on the wane. In far corners of the globe may still be found a few members of the dying order, stifled by a world stuffy with sanity, to wit: Dizzy Dean, Wilbur Voliva, Heywood Broun. But the survivors, as you will soon note, are wholly lacking in true-blue color of the authentic eccentric.

Solely as a suggested stimulus to the weak exhibitionists of the present day, I have prepared what I call an Outline of Eccentricity.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the elder, kept a dish filled with salt under each leg of his bed—to scare away evil spirits, he claimed. He never owned a check book, but wrote out his checks on half-sheets of tablet paper.

Russell Sage, worth millions, rode to work daily on his five-cent elevated trains, wore eight-dollar ready-made suits, and ate apples for lunch.

Hetty Green, with her bombazine cloak, black bag and eighty million dollars, saved money on laundry bills by having only the lower half of her petticoats washed, and when her petticoats wore out, she used newspapers in their place.

Francesca Nortyuega, the European reformer, willed a fortune to her niece with the provision that the family goldfish be dressed in pants!

Queen Catherine II, of Russia, imprisoned her hairdresser in an iron cage for three years so that there would be no gossip about the royal dandruff.

Cardinal Richelieu devoted several hours a day to leaping over furniture.

Hawthorne always washed his hands before reading a letter from his wife.

Alexander Dumas could write novels only on blue paper, poetry on yellow paper, articles on rose-colored paper.

Charles Baudelaire dyed his hair a brilliant green, boasted cannibalism and lived with snakes.

Nicolo Paganini, violin genius, used to play with frayed strings, hoping that one or more of them might break, so that he could display his skill on those remaining.

Baron Harden-Hickey composed a volume entitled, *The Ethics of Suicide*, wherein he suggested eighty-eight potent poisons and fifty-one novel instruments. He declared himself ruler of a barren island off the coast of South America, which brought Great Britain and Brazil to the verge of war.

The tomorrow of eccentricity depends on a handful of unpredictable Sophists; unpredictable because this group has a tendency to capitalize materially on eccentricity, instead of living the life for its fine esthetic value alone.

Among the modern white hopes are the following:

Wilbur Voliva, of Zion City, Illinois, who contends the earth is flat like a saucer, while Columbus squirms in his grave.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, taking one hundred umbrellas to London. "There is so much moisture there," he explains.

Heywood Broun [noted columnist and Newspaper Guild leader], whose trousers bag at the knees.

For Beauty's Sake

From "Health Culture"

By Penelope Williams

THE following are some of the seemingly fantastic things prescribed for stars of the screen by Donald Loomis, Hollywood physical director.

Ice cubes rubbed on the face.

Sleeping on an inclined bed, without a pillow.

Picking up marbles with the toes.

Loomis' method differs from ordinary gymnasium and athletic training. A former medical student and son of a Minneapolis surgeon, he evolved his own system while in college. Some of his health and training devices are amazingly simple.

"Ice cubes rubbed on the skin make for perfect complexion," he tells feminine stars. He cites Greta Garbo's complexion.

He prescribes washing the face in cold water and using ice cubes for his feminine patrons, who include Jeanette MacDonald, Luise Rainer, and other luminaries.

"Don't drink ice-water," is another of his maxims. He insists on this with all his pupils.

"I added strength to Clark Gable's biceps," he confides, "by teaching him the trick of carrying a couple of small weights, which gave resistance when he swung his arms, thus developing muscles."

To improve arches of the feet, he has his students pick up marbles with the toes. "It's the perfect antidote for high heels," he declares.

Of the marble-pickers, he says the champion is blonde Mary Carlisle, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starlet.

"Don't use a pillow, especially if in-

Whole hog or none—
The New Haven Register

clined to stoop," he also advises. "If the blood rushes to the head when you don't use a pillow, put blocks under the bedposts at the head of the bed to incline it."

Peace for Sale

From "Tide"

NICE fresh babies, 79 cents a pound." With this sardonic stopper, captioning a chubby babe on a butcher's block, World Peaceways is heading one of its best ads to date in U. S. magazines this month and next. Taking a potshot at European baby-baiting, it's the first gun of a 1938 campaign in which the peace group hopes materially to expand its spirited, incisive, anti-war propaganda.

Six years ago indistinguishable from other flora and fauna in pacifism, World Peaceways has bean-stalked amazingly since it began in 1933 to sell peace with the same big-league methods that sell toothpaste or automobiles. If it had paid last year for all the space it would today be a $100,000 account.

This fall, like many a major advertiser, it will have more time on the air; it's got new tricks up its sleeve.

Peaceways has received contributions in engraving, agency service and space totaling $800,000, reached 18,000,000 subscribers with one year's ads alone.

Since 1934, World Peaceways' copy has been done by Agents Young & Rubicam. The organization first planned to divvy the work, but Peaceways has so liked the copy it obtained, and the agency the chance to do a noteworthy job, that the arrangements stuck. The campaign's effectiveness can be chalked up to Young & Rubicam copywriter Ted Patrick, and to the artists and craftsmen who likewise contribute their services.

Neither in the prizes the campaign's received in the Annual Advertising Awards, nor in widespread and generous comment, has any one Peaceways ad been singled out as best. However, unforgettable have been 1935's "Hello Sucker!", 1936's "The Most Powerful Man in America," 1937's "Family Portrait" and "To Be Killed in Action."

Turn-downs have been mostly for reasons understandable in magazine making. *The New Yorker* invoked its aim to entertain in refusing to print the blood spots in "Children's Hour: Madrid." Color space in *Time*, *Satevepost* and *Collier's* has been too dear to donate, but brother magazines in the publishing families they represent have carried copy. Despite Hearst editorials against the organization, the *New York Mirror* has used the series to illustrate an anti-war article.

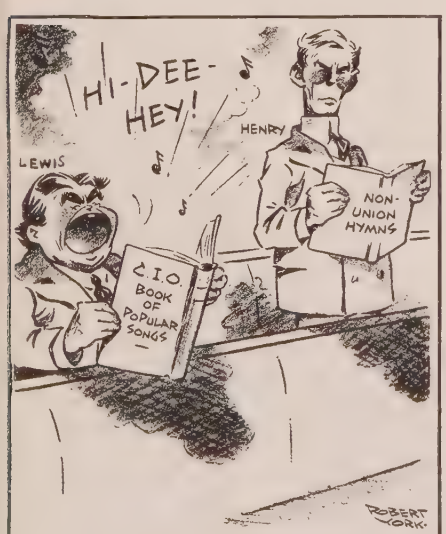
On the other hand, squawks from touchy organizations and industries have been frequent.

The "Hello Sucker!" copy drew violent objections from the Veterans of Foreign Wars; yet the American Legion approved and the *British Legion Journal* asked reprint rights.

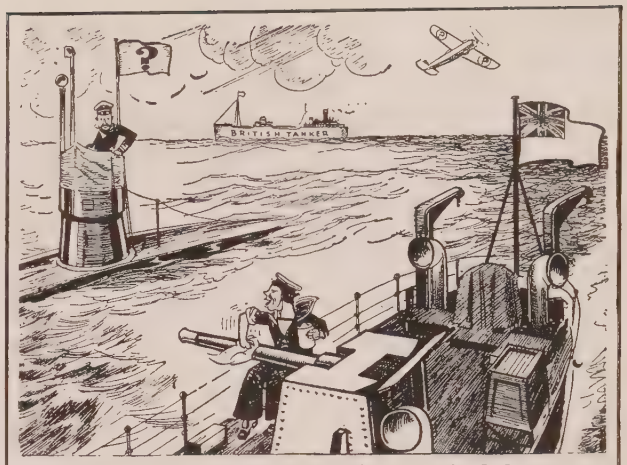
Another ad showing a chemist at work on a new poison gas brought down the wrath of the chemical trade press.

And it was too much for packer George Hormel when a description of life in the trenches waxed uncomplimentary about canned meat.

But kicks have been sparse in view of the overwhelmingly favorable response received—some 120,000 persons have answered the ads, thus automatically joined the movement.



The Ford program—
The Louisville Times



Mediterranean dialogue—Sailor (polishing gun): "Pretty, ain't it?" Submarine Commander: "No spik English."—*Glasgow Bulletin*

Russian Protestant

From "Izvestia"

By Boris Agapov

IN a clean and flower-bordered avenue, I saw a woman sitting with a child in her arms. Sitting down beside her to smoke a cigarette, I glanced at the book she had just laid aside to pick up the child. It was the Gospels.

"An interesting book?" I asked.

The woman turned to me with a movement of self-defense. "A holy book," she answered.

Here was someone who did not mince her words. I entered into conversation with her and arranged to meet her at her home.

She lives in a tiny room, hardly large enough to hold a table, a bed, and a child's cot. Her name is Jenia and she is a cashier.

Small in size, with a plain face, she looks thirty-five, although she is only twenty-seven. She has three children. Her salary is small and it is hard for her to make ends meet.

There is something distinctive about that woman. Something, perhaps, in her quick, almost angry gestures, in the low tone of her voice, or the minutes in which she remains completely motionless, show an inner inflexibility.

"Why do you question me?" she asked. "And why don't you want to tell about yourself?" "What should I say? There's nothing of interest to tell."

It is true that her biography is not striking. Her father was a shoemaker, her mother a washwoman. A few years of school, an early marriage, children, the death of her husband. She talks, looking at the floor, evidently waiting for her questioner to go. Suddenly a word strikes me in her story—the *Komsomol*.

"You were a member of the Communist Youth Union?"

Yes, at one time, in her early youth. She wanted to know. . .

"What did you want to know?"

A pause. Then, with a straight and challenging glance: "The meaning of everything."

In a low tone, controlling her emotion, but without waiting for questions, she began:

"I wanted to know the meaning of things. Where did man come from, why must we live, what will happen after? The Young Communists told me that they knew. They registered me as a member, after making inquiries and checking on them. I was waiting all the time for them to start explaining, and they told me that everything came from matter and to stop bothering them. I was still a girl then. I remember one of them told me that my mother, too, was nothing but matter, and I was matter, and there was nothing else, only motion.—Ugly stuff."

"And now you know the meaning of it all?"

Frowning a little, and still more firmly, she answered, "Yes."

"And the meaning of it all consists in

OH GENERAL CHIANG! HOW'D YOU LIKE SOME EXPERTS? THEY'RE MORE DEADLY THAN GUN POWDER
USA
DEATH BATTALION OF NUT AUTO DRIVERS
DAILY GUARANTEE
118 KILLED & 17000 WOUNDED

Why not export 'em to help out a war?—*New York Herald Tribune*

a piece of bread that becomes flesh and you have to eat it, like savages who eat their enemies in order to acquire their strength?"

She remained silent.

"Or it consists in an uncultured old man covering you with a cloth and muttering incantations?"

She remained silent.

"But that's nonsense, Jenia?"

"The priests are fakes," she said, with indifference.

"There you are. Then why do you bother with the Gospel?"

"Everything is vanity, except for the Gospel. The Gospel is like a cool spring of waters. It's like quietude. It assuages all earthly desires."

"And men?"

"There are good people who live in Christ. They gave an overcoat to Masha, my daughter."

"And they explained it all to you?"

"The Lord himself explains it in that book."

"Supposing that old book was written by ordinary men and was also a deception?"

With an angry movement she stood up. It seemed as if she were going to put me out for coming to tempt her! Then, suddenly, she smiled. Her first smile during the interview. It was a condescending smile, even filled with some kind of pity. And she spoke with a force of which she seemed to have a hidden reserve.

"And life? You have to have something to live by."

Hitler's Art Critic

From "New Masses"

By Barrie Stavis

Not so long ago Adolf Ziegler was an obscure academic painter whose only claim to distinction was that he was a personal friend of Hitler. Hitler and Goebbels, appreciating the propaganda possibilities to be squeezed out of the graphic and plastic arts, sought for a likely candidate to channel and direct this propaganda. The field narrowed down until finally they decided on Adolf Ziegler. This was an excellent Nazi choice, for Ziegler is obedient, industrious, unimaginative, and personally loyal to Hitler.

To give him standing he was appointed instructor of painting in the Munich Academy. Soon after, he was appointed president of the Reich Chamber of the Graphic & Plastic Arts (R.C.G.P.A.). His duties in this post consume so much time and energy that he has little opportunity to do any painting of his own.

Ziegler's duties fall naturally into three divisions: (1) To make every German artist a member in good standing of the R.C.G.P.A. (2) To remove from all German museums any work of art that does not conform to the Nazi standards. (3) To arrange exhibitions of Nazi art so that the people will be initiated into the mysteries of *Reichskultur*.

I wanted to find out how his R.C.G.P.A. functioned, so I plunged into my questions. I thought it wise to limit these to the one art form he would be most informed on—painting.

"All artists must join the R.C.G.P.A.?"

"Of course."

"And their painting must be *Reichskultur* art?"

"Naturally."

"I'm not certain I understand what is meant by *Reichskultur* art. Will you explain?"

"I have written it here in the foreword of this catalogue." He gave me a catalogue of the German section of the Paris Exposition art. "It is also in English." He pointed to the paragraph, and I read:

"German graphic and plastic art is based on an ancient tradition far older than Romanesque ecclesiastical architecture. The more modern investigation of the history of early Teutonic times is profound and unprejudiced, the more clearly it appears that not only the art of epic poetry in legend and song, but also the gift of artistic representation in symbol and picture, is a fundamental boon conferred by nature on the race of which the core of the German people is still composed."

I read this through twice, the second

As one mass productionist to another.—*The Kansas City Star*

Here's how LITTLE it costs to telephone!

See how *little* it costs to chat with far-away friends or transact business across the miles . . . by telephone. These low Long Distance rates are the result of a series of reductions in recent years.

While the rates for Long Distance service have been going *down*, its speed and clarity have just as steadily gone *up*. The average Long Distance call took more than five minutes to complete in 1926 — only one and one-half minutes today. . . . Keep in touch by telephone *quickly, personally, inexpensively.*

DAY except SUNDAY*	NIGHT and SUNDAY*	BETWEEN THESE POINTS
$ .50	$ .35	Detroit, Mich. . . Cleveland, Ohio Baltimore, Md. . . Philadelphia, Pa. Cincinnati, Ohio . . Louisville, Ky. Boston, Mass. . . Hartford, Conn.
.75	.45	Pittsburgh, Pa. . . Buffalo, N. Y. Kansas City, Mo. . Omaha, Neb. Little Rock, Ark. . Shreveport, La. Chicago, Ill. . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
1.00	.60	Butte, Mont. . . Spokane, Wash. Philadelphia, Pa. . Boston, Mass. Lansing, Mich. . . Wheeling, W. Va. Trenton, N. J. . . Concord, N. H.
1.50	.90	St. Louis, Mo. . . Detroit, Mich. Portland, Me. . . Washington, D. C. Topeka, Kan. . . Chicago, Ill. Milwaukee, Wis. . Pittsburgh, Pa.
2.00	1.20	Atlanta, Ga. . . Kansas City, Mo. San Francisco, Cal. Phoenix, Ariz. Toledo, Ohio . . . Sioux City, Iowa Dover, Del. . . . Nashville, Tenn.
3.00	1.80	Seattle, Wash. . . Denver, Colo. New Orleans, La. . Minneapolis, Minn. Raleigh, N. C. . . Wichita, Kan. St. Paul, Minn. . . Salt Lake City, Utah
4.00	2.50	Newark, N. J. . . Fort Worth, Tex. Los Angeles, Cal. . Des Moines, Iowa Denver, Colo. . . Buffalo, N. Y. Pierre, S. D. . . New York, N. Y.
5.00	3.25	Chicago, Ill . . . San Francisco, Cal. Salt Lake City, Utah Washington, D. C. Providence, R. I. . Santa Fe, N. M. Portland, Ore. . . Memphis, Tenn.
6.00	4.00	Miami, Fla. . . . Los Angeles, Cal. Washington, D. C. . Reno, Nev. Oakland, Cal. . . Columbia, S. C. Boston, Mass. . . Spokane, Wash.

* 3-minute station-to-station rates. Night rates are in effect from 7 P.M. to 4:30 A.M. every night and all day on Sunday.

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer
BE WISE · · ALKALIZE !
An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting alkalizing solution. You drink it and it does two important things. First, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort — and then because it is also alkalizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.
Alka-Seltzer
TUNE IN The NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC NETWORK
AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30¢-60¢ SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA
YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU FEEL O.K. AFTER SUCH A NIGHT?
SURE THING! AN ALKA-SELTZER FIXED ME UP ALL RIGHT
MORNING AFTER
BRING ME AN ALKA-SELTZER. MY HEAD'S ABOUT TO SPLIT.
THAT'S THE SYSTEM, SIDNEY. YOU'LL SOON BE FEELING FIT.
HEADACHE
I LIKE YOUR PICNIC LUNCHES, BUT I ALWAYS OVER-EAT
BE WISE! TAKE ALKA-SELTZER AND GIVE YOUR SELF A TREAT.
UPSET STOMACH

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especially if you are in the English or Social Science Department, we can help you to make your classes more interesting — your pupils more responsive.

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233 Fourth Ave., New York

"The Russians spend a lot of time at the Pole!" "Instead of China, like the Japanese, or Spain, like the Italians!" — *Oeuvre, Paris*

time more puzzled than the first, and said: "Very interesting. But tell me specifically what type of subjects fall under the category of approved *Reichskultur*."

"A painting of a beautiful nude German woman."

"Why that?"

"To encourage the ideal of a perfect body. Also to give German men the incentive to have many German children." I looked for a sign from him, if only the twinkling of an eye, to show me that he was carrying on a private joke. But no, Ziegler was in dead earnest.

"What else?" I asked.

"A German landscape heavy with produce. German peasants at work—but preferably at play. A German family with many children. It must be German and it must be real."

"And all the 45,000 members of the R.C.G.P.A. subscribe to this?"

"Of course."

"No dissenters?"

"None."

"One more thing before you go. I've read in the New York papers that Germany is bankrupt and that there is a food shortage. Is it true?"

"Pah, democratic lies! Disregard them entirely!"

Gadgets of Glass

From "5000 Years of Glass"

By Frances Rogers and Alice Beard

BACK in the day when cooking was perhaps a matter for prayer rather than cookbook, the housewife might use a hollow glass rolling-pin. At its end was a removable knob where water could be poured in to give weight and coolness. While the lady flattened her pastry she could meditate upon the pious text inscribed upon her rolling-pin: "May the Eye of the Lord watch over."

The glass balls, either hollow or solid, have been jacks-of-all-trades. We know them best as trimmings for Christmas trees. In colonial days, however, they played a useful part as covers for containers. And most convenient they were because, within certain limits, they would fit closely the mouth of any container.

Fishermen have used air-filled balls of glass to keep their seines afloat, and by their glitter the balls mark the location of the nets.

Prominent in the paraphernalia of the fortune-teller has ever been the crystal, or glass ball, upon which the crystal-gazer fixed his eyes and sought a vision of the future. And a glass ball was often hung in the home of the peasant to ward off the evil eye.

One of the most curious uses was that practiced by ladies of olden times, who would hold a ball of glass to cool their hands on a hot summer's day—a dainty, fanciful custom.

Seneca, in a letter, mentions variously colored thin glass balls used by jugglers who, one surmises, must have juggled with a confident hand.

Cinderella had glass slippers. That was nothing. If her fairy godmother had known more than the merest rudiments of magic, Cinderella might have worn a gown of spun glass and a glass veil, and carried a glass bouquet at her wedding. She might have danced to the music of a violin made of glass whose tone, we are assured in an article about a glass violin, is "crystal clear." So is the violin.

These uses of glass are not theoretical: they have actually been carried out.

But the list of fanciful glass is almost without end. The chances are that at this very moment glass is taking on some antic disposition born of the active imagination of a modern glassworker. What has glass given us? Civilization as we know it today—no less. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., $2.50)

The moral menace.— ***Des Moines Register***

SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

Tuberculosis and cows

OUR LARGE CITIES can be proud that more than 99 per cent of their milk supply is pasteurized. But smaller municipalities are far less efficient. No milk at all is pasteurized in 43 per cent of communities in the small population groups. Urban life is indeed here safer than rural. Pasteurization kills germs.

Most recent and accurate studies prove that pasteurization has but an insignificant effect upon milk's nutritional values. The digestibility of calcium, phosphorous, and nitrogen compounds is not lessened. Vitamin A is unaffected; vitamin B and vitamin C are only slightly diminished. There can be no real opposition to universal pasteurization.

The incidence of tuberculosis has been declining for at least a hundred years. The early months of 1937 had an abnormally high rate, and some fears were expressed that at last the decline had stopped. Yet the unexpectedly favorable reports of recent months indicate that again this year the rate will be appreciably lower than in the previous year. A more intense attack upon bovine tuberculosis would accelerate the long-continued drop in number of cases—would speed the day when tuberculosis will cease to be a public health problem.

Disease is tragedy. And tragedy is only another name for ignorance. The American Public Health Association is currently emphasizing a startling aspect of man's wearying, yet winning, warfare on tuberculosis.

No one, not even the expert, knows how many varieties there are of the tuberculosis germ, tiny rod recognizable under the microscope when the parasite has been stained by peculiar dyes.

One variety attacks poultry; another, the cow; still another, man. After the obscure German country doctor, Robert Koch, in 1882 brilliantly demonstrated the variety of tuberculosis germ that feeds particularly on human beings, it was bravely, widely stated (for no good scientific reason) that the cow's disease, bovine tuberculosis, does not infect man. This assertion was ignorance, hence has been tragedy. People have not been awake to the danger of the bovine bacterium.

Surprisingly few, even among authors of textbooks on tuberculosis and bacteriology, are aware that American investigators as early as 1901-02 showed that certain cases of tuberculosis in man are of the bovine type. Some judged this demonstration a false alarm. Others, and in high places, though sure of the accuracy of this finding, thought it economically unfeasible to publicize the menace.

So, today, probably between 5 and 10 per cent of all human tuberculosis in this country is due to the infection by the cow's special variety of the affliction. To determine the precise human morbidity from bovine tuberculosis, a survey is at present under way. Whatever the percentage, whether 5 or 10, all public health authorities will agree that it is far too high, constituting an avoidable national tragedy. Sadly enough, children are more susceptible to bovine tuberculosis than are adults.

Hence, we see the American Public Health Association eager for 100 per cent pasteurization of the nation's milk supply, pointing out that a 1937 epidemic of tuberculosis in a Swedish rural community has been traced to *raw* milk from a dairy of 22 cows—several, after tests, showing tubercular invasion, but all excused as a danger on the ground that a presumably good veterinarian believed them free of "an infectious form of tuberculosis." Milk from these cows swarmed with tubercle bacilli.

Notre Dame expanding

THE UNIVERSITY of Notre Dame had a distinguished addition to its faculty when the fall term opened last week: Canon Georges LeMaitre, Belgian priest and scientist, friend and peer of Einstein.

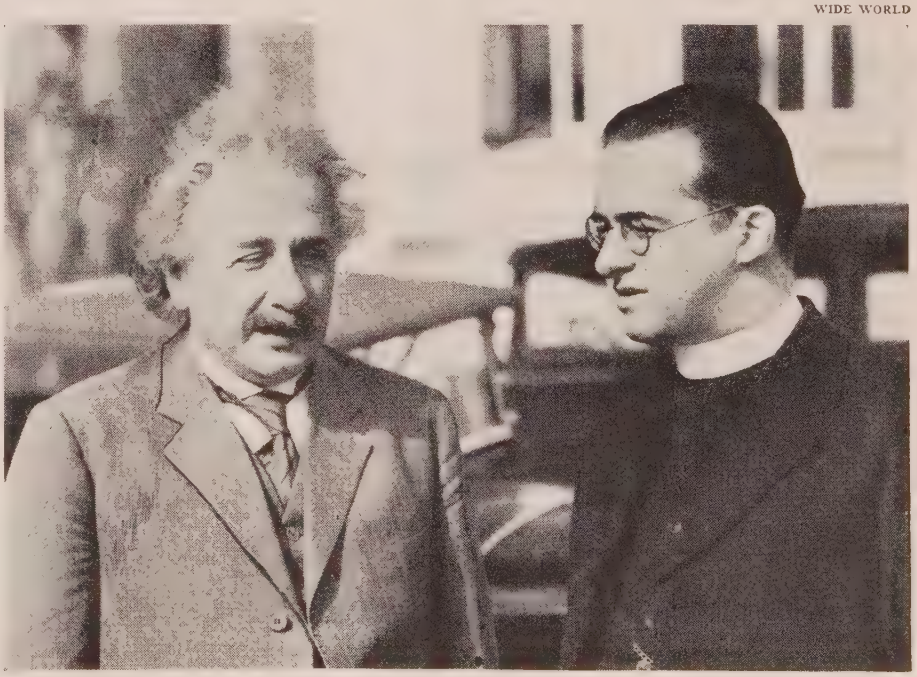
As a mathematical physicist—or scientist given to theoretical erection and demolition of universes—LeMaitre is most famous for his extension of the idea of the late Willem de Sitter, that our cosmos is undergoing a rapid expansion in space. He has evolved complex mathematical systems to show the possibility that the present universe was in the beginning a single huge atom, pregnant with all present miracles. His supposition is that this primordial giant exploded, is still exploding, and that we inhabit one of its least fragments hurtling through space-time.

LeMaitre, at 42, ranks with Einstein (twenty years his senior) and Richard C. Tolman, of the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, in the world of relativity and the mechanics of the heavens. These three are the great leaders in science's most abstruse investigations, the geometries of space, time, energy, and matter.

Funds of the American Commission for the Relief of Belgium brought LeMaitre to this country fifteen years ago, to do research at Harvard. In 1932, he visited us again, this time as a world-famed follower of Einstein. Just as Einstein has become a life member of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, it may be America's good fortune, too, to have LeMaitre at Notre Dame for a long stay in which to bring nearer home still more of the stupendous problems of creation's dimmest recesses.

Meanwhile, the public can still wonder what scientist will educe a formula to explain whence the first gigantic atom.

WIDE WORLD



ABBE LEMAITRE (right), of Notre Dame faculty, chats with Dr. Einstein. Belgian, German and an American—Dr. Tolman of California—these three are leaders in the world of relativity

MUSICAL HORIZON

The coming season

BY EARLY OCTOBER a new concert season will be in full swing all over the country, and even now the definite prediction can be made that it will be the biggest in the history of the United States, surpassing the best records of the boom years. Music in general has been setting a fine example to American business, recovering slowly but surely after a terrific beating.

The two outstanding concert agencies, controlled by Columbia and the National Broadcasting Company, have already announced nation-wide bookings that surpass in volume anything previously achieved. Cities that have been musically dormant for years are awake again, and bringing the world's great artists in person for the delectation of local enthusiasts. Those immensely practical organizations, the Community Concert Service and its Civic counterpart, have reached a new high in the number of towns creating their audiences and their budgets in advance and selecting their future concerts accordingly.

With the great names of the concert stage exercising even more than their accustomed drawing power, new faces will also be seen this season, reflecting an honest interest in musical performance as such, regardless of established reputation. The Columbia Concerts Corporation is bringing back Rose Pauly, the Hungarian soprano, who created a sensation as Electra with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra last year. She is considered the greatest living interpreter of Richard Strauss, and will be heard both in concerts and on the air, with the probability of a Metropolitan Opera debut in addition.

Starting promising American careers are Simon Barer and Emil Baume, pianists, and the two-piano team of Vronsky and Babin, successfully introduced last season. There is a new Spanish cellist, Gaspar Cassado, and there is the coloratura soprano, Bidu Sayao, already launched sensationally at the Metropolitan Opera.

The young American tenor, Charles Kullman, is coming into his own, with radio and motion pictures adding to his operatic success. On his concert tour he will sing Lohengrin with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. Richard Tauber, a long-standing favorite, brings back his mature tenor, with the assurance of several appearances on the General Motors broadcasts, besides concert engagements.

NBC Artists Service is introducing a highly recommended young violinist from the Pacific Coast, Isaac Stern; an English pianist, Kathleen Long; the Viennese master of the keyboard, Edvord Steuermann, and a spectacular boy, Arnold Eidus, one of the violin prodigies produced by Louis Persinger. Other NBC newcomers are Gertrude Borzi, soprano; Ruth Luty, pianist; Maurice Eisenberg, cellist; Roland Gundry, violinist, and Engel Lund, interpreter of Danish songs.

Charles L. Wagner offers a novelty in the Wagnerian Festival Singers, coming directly from Salzburg, with Hilda Konetzni, soprano; Marta Krasova, contralto; Henk Noort, tenor; Joel Berglund, baritone, and Alexander Kipnis, bass. They will be accompanied by Richard Hageman and Karl Young, at two pianos, with Mr. Hageman also conducting orchestral performances. A Swedish tenor, Jussi Bjoerling, is attracting advance attention by his records of Italian opera. Chicago will hear him in person early in December, with Erna Sack, a coloratura soprano who is said to have the highest range in captivity. A new Liedersinger, Gertrude Pitzinger, comes to us with the endorsement of Julia Culp, once the greatest of them all.

America's musical starvation does not seem precisely imminent.

JAZZ PROF Lopez of New York University

Professor Lopez

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY will include in its curriculum this year a course in popular music conducted by the jazz leader and pianist, Vincent Lopez. The sleek maestro will inaugurate his classes in October, showing the boys and girls how to get that rhythm into *Nola,* and also introducing his band at the University Chapel in November. There is a temptation to comment upon the possible college degree of hot music. Actually it may be a good thing to let collegians learn about "swing" in their own classrooms, instead of picking it up from bad little companions in the streets.

American composers

THE AMERICAN composer of serious music is still the consistent victi of snobbishness, hypocrisy, professional jealousy and pure ignorance. He may not have produced any world-shaking masterpieces as yet, but he never will if his own country continues its policy of suppression, discouragement, and active hostility,

There are at present several agencies working for the American composer and trying to improve a fundamentally difficult situation. One is the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, familiarly and conveniently known as ASCAP, founded by Victor Herbert, John Philip Sousa, and other musicians.

It concerns itself chiefly with the rights of creators and distributors of commercially valuable music to some share in the financial results of their labors. The United States of America is the only civilized country in the world which has gone on record as denying the constitutional right of a creative artist to earn a living by his product, completely ignoring the fact of "there being no property more peculiarly a man's own than that which is produced by the labour of his mind."

Let's look at the records

WITH the opening of the Stephen Foster Memorial in Pittsburgh, containing Josiah Lilly's great collection of Fosteriana, it is fitting that RCA-Victor should bring out a Foster Album of the favorite songs of America's favorite composer. Richard Crooks and the Balladeers do the singing, and the disks include "Beautiful Dreamer," "I Dream of Jeanie," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Ah, May the Red Rose."

Another great American singer, Nelson Eddy, has recorded a dozen of the most popular American songs outside of Foster ("Trees," "Sylvia," "The Rosary," etc.) with Nat Shilkret conducting the RCA-Victor orchestra. An interesting novelty is Rudy Vallee's interpretation of the Rodgers-Hart *All Points West,* and for lovers of hot jazz there is now a *Swing Symposium,* conducted by experts.—*Sigmund Spaeth*

BUSINESS

A stock-market scare

LIKE WATER in a bathtub with a worn-out plug, the stock market had been sinking lower and lower since last March. Suddenly, in the week following the Labor Day holiday, the stopper fell through. On two days that week, selling waves sent stocks cascading 1 to 14 points, knocked $4,250,000,000 off their values, skidded bond prices down with them.

On Monday of last week, the Federal Reserve Board announced it would desterilize $300,000,000 of our gold hoard, thus increasing money in circulation by that amount; and would also buy up Treasury bills and notes in the open market to keep money easy and to prevent any credit squeeze. The market's response to the Reserve Board's move was to open strongly that day, then to fall back another 1 to 4 points. The next day (Tuesday) a buying surge sent stock prices up again.

Observers, comparing the low level of the market (reached after its third decline) with its high-water mark of last March, discovered that the collapse in prices had nullified all the gains made this year, that prices were then about halfway between 1936's high and low.

To a Wall Street broker or an anti-New Dealer, the six-months decline in security prices was traceable to the business-baiting tactics of the Roosevelt Administration, the severity of the market's collapse to stringent SEC regulations. As for the latter, the 55 per cent margin requirements, the restrictions on margin accounts, and the regulation of market insiders, they asserted, contributed to the "thin" markets (complained of by Stock Exchange President Charles R. Gay in his annual report last month), froze the liquidity of the market, accentuated the collapse in security prices.

To observers more dispassionate, the market's collapse was justifiable because stock prices probably were too high.

To pessimistic alarmists, however, the drop was similar to the 1929 debacle, possibly the forerunner of a collapse equally great. They pointed out that the expected fall upswing in business activity had not yet materialized, that such business indexes as railroad-equipment buying, residential-building construction, and textile-mill activity had turned downward. Even in steel, they argued, although the industry was running with a backlog of orders, no new orders had been placed to continue the demand.

Those who took an opposite view admitted an absence of the boom psychology of 1936, due primarily to increased costs and strikes. They accounted for the railroads' failure to place orders as merely a desire to hold back until they see how fall traffic shapes up. Dullness in textile mill activity they attributed to the fact that wholesalers and converters stocked up in the spring (fearing inflation), are now holding off purchases until they see how low cotton prices are forced by the bumper crop. On the plus side, they pointed out that pay rolls are higher, dividends are heavy, and a large farm income is in prospect.

Taking the pulse of business, Daniel Roper, Secretary of Commerce, stated that "the composite domestic business index is running from 10 to 15 per cent over the comparable period last year." Compared with 1936, he added, business indexes for the first eight months of 1937 are up as follows: Industrial production, 17 per cent; freight carloadings, 13 per cent; cash farm income, 11 per cent; factory pay rolls, 28 per cent; wholesale and retail trade, 10 per cent. For the future, he predicted: "Barring war or unforeseen emergencies, we will, in my opinion, within a few weeks witness a major surge in fall business throughout the entire country."

To four anonymous Government economists, however, rising prices, foreign wars, labor troubles, and the possible failure of automoble and construction industries to perk up as previously expected are the chief bugaboos of which to be wary.

Charles Gates Dawes, Coolidge Vice President and chairman of the City National Bank and Trust Company (Chicago), predicted "a continuance of good trade this year and next," and saw "no indications in business of a lack of confidence."

Roger Ward Babson, who is generally credited with foretelling the 1929 crash, last week predicted that "general business is bound to do better this fall than last fall. With our tremendous crops, nothing can stop it. Farmers, wage earners, and stockholders, all will have more money to spend. I am forecasting no boom; but I do promise business improvement. . . . For the next year or two at least, the favorable factors far outweigh the unfavorable factors."

To some observers, the thing to watch is farm income. Although the latest Department of Agriculture estimate places the farmers' income for this year at $1,000,000,000 more than in 1936, there is some pessimism felt as a result of the recent decline in farm prices from their July figure. Others less concerned point out that despite lower prices, the farmers' total cash income will still be larger than last year because of bumper crops, and thus provide them with greater purchasing power.

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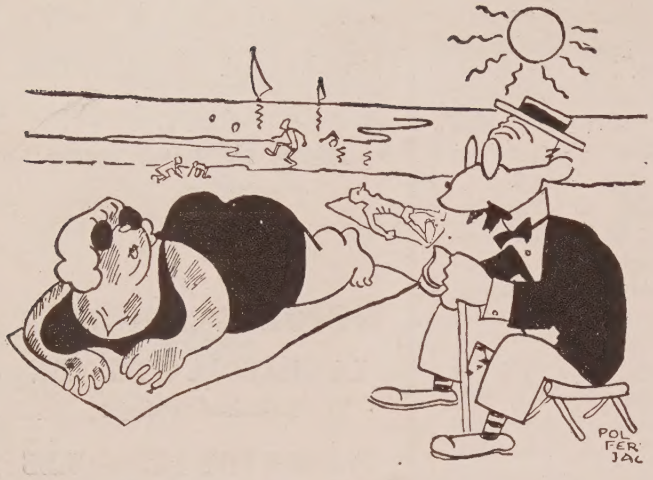

"Aren't you roasted enough?" "Listen, Oscar, all cookbooks will tell you to allow fifteen minutes to the pound!"—*Le Canard Enchaîné, Paris*

Hopeful Tramp—"Lady, have you got an organ I can tune for you?"

"How ridiculous! We have no organ in this house."

"Then if I can't earn anything, how about giving me a bite to eat?"—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Wait For The Bill!—*Guest*: "Do you run a bus between the hotel and the railway station?"

Manager: "No, sir."

Guest: "That's strange. All my friends said you would get me coming and going."—*Montreal Herald.*

Not Wanted—"This Book of Universal Knowledge will tell you everything you ought to know," declared the agent at the door.

"Don't need it," growled Mr. Grouch. "My wife tells me all that—and a lot more besides."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

No Surprise—*He*: "I've wanted to ask you a question for weeks."

She: "And I've had the answer ready for months."—*Brown Owl.*

Too Bad—*May*: "My fiance is telling everybody in India that he is coming home to marry the most beautiful girl in the world."

Edna: "Too bad, darling, after being engaged to you for such a long time."—*Toronto Globe.*

Good Effort—The pupil was asked to paraphrase the sentence: "He was bent on seeing her."

He wrote: "The sight of her doubled him up."—*Pathfinder.*

He Got The Job—*Employer*: "Yes, I advertised for a good strong boy. Think you can fill the bill?"

Applicant: "Well, I just finished whipping nineteen other applicants outside the door."—*Guelph Mercury.*

Standing Him Off—*Friend*: "You can't cheat old Father Time."

Man: "No, but some of the women drive a mighty close bargain with him."—*Rosetown (Sask.) Eagle.*

Compliments—"You know, you're not a bad-looking girl."

"Oh, you'd say so even if you didn't think so."

"We're even then. You'd think so even if I didn't say so."

—*Grit (Sydney, Australia.)*

Like Adam—"Did he take his misfortunes like a man?"

"Precisely. He laid the blame on his wife."—*Toronto Globe.*

OR SO THEY SAY—

Jim Farley: "Talk of a party split is all moonshine; we've got harmony in the bag."

George Bernard Shaw: "History repeats. Another Franco-Prussian war—against loyalist Spain."

Archduke Otto Hapsburg: "There cannot be liberty for the enemies of liberty."

Gen. José Miaja: "I do not propose to be a perch for pigeons."

George Sokolsky: "The slogan of 450 million Chinamen should be: No sacrifice—no country."

Richard Halliburton: "Never has the world been so overflowing with fresh opportunities for adventurous travels."

Dorothy Thompson: "The greatest menace in the world today is not poison gas, but poisoned ideas."

"I wrote to her every day for two years and what do you think was the result? She married the postman."—*Il 420, Florence*

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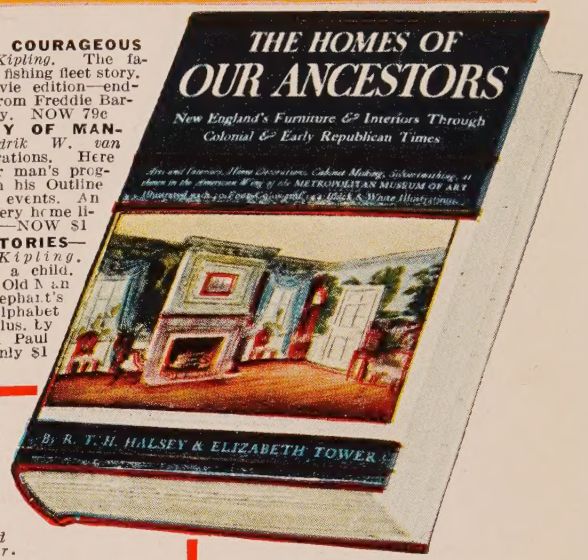
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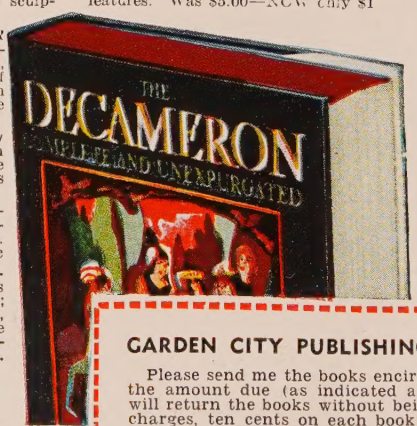

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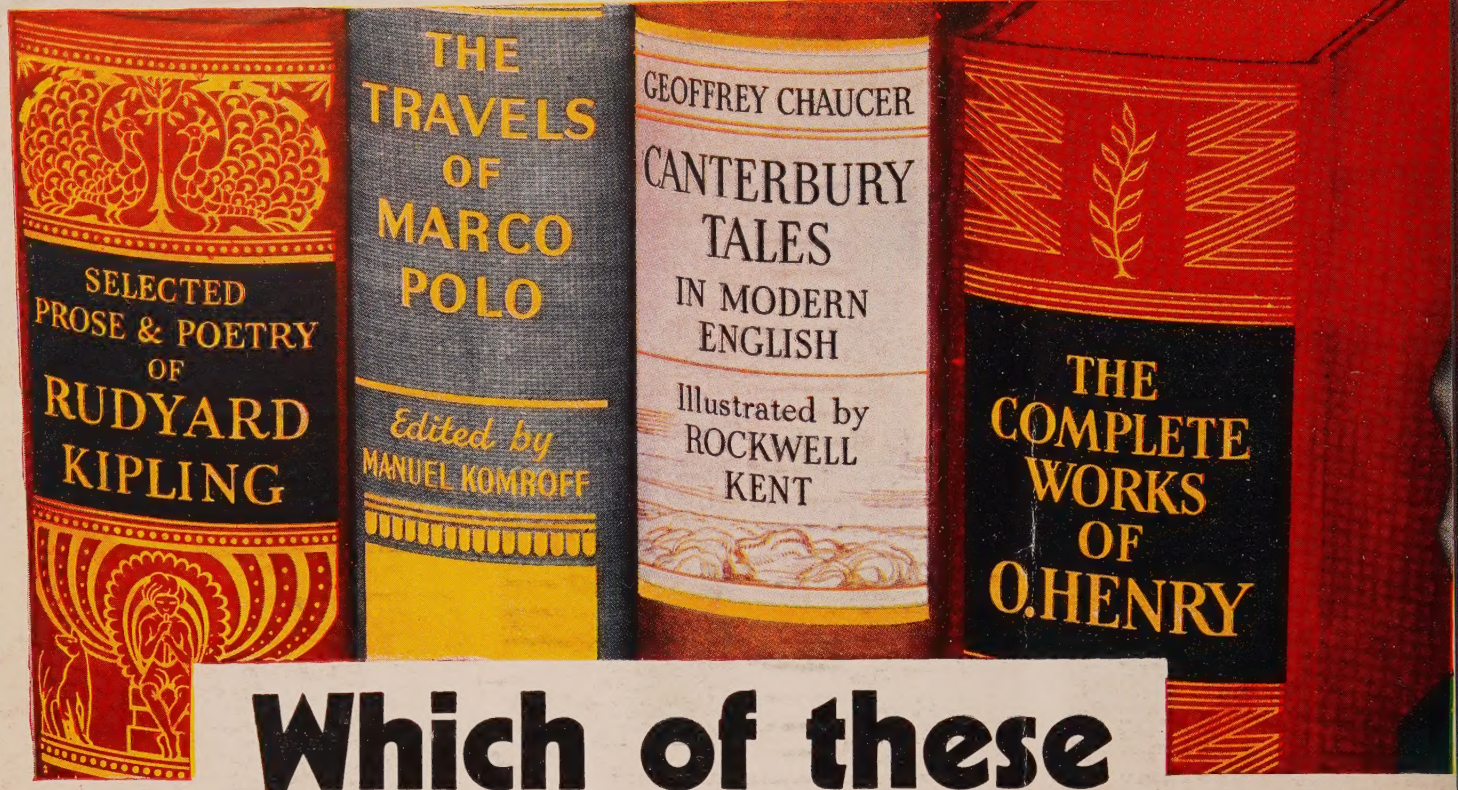
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